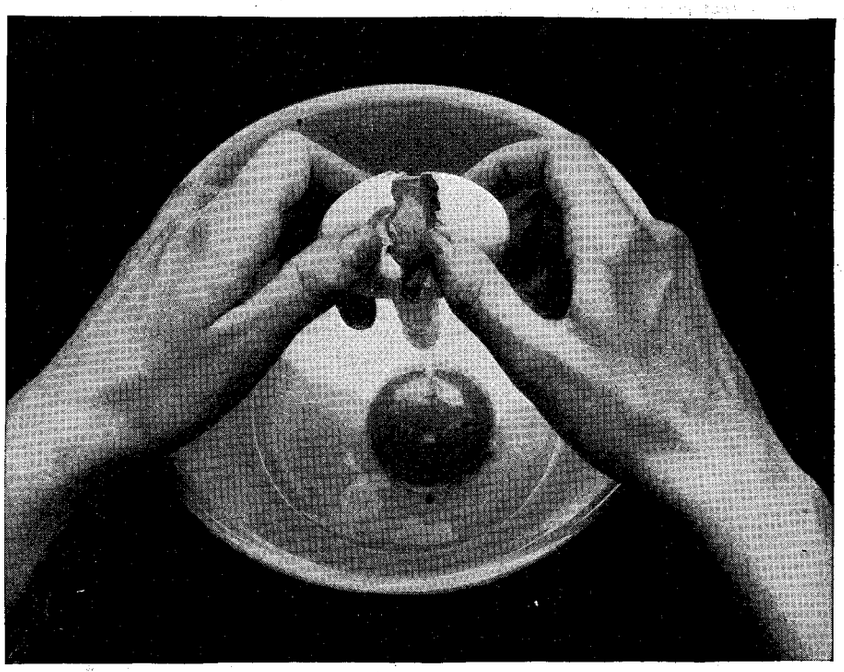

How SCIENCE Makes Good Eggs Better

VITAMIN D potency increased tenfold, taste improved, shell strong and perfect. Superior eggs—and more of them—because the poultry raiser has systematically treated his flock with ultraviolet light. More and better milk, healthier cows, a lower bacteria count—also the result of ultraviolet treatment. These are benefits which are passed on to you in the form of better-quality food products.

Superior vegetables for your table—earlier, sturdier plants are produced by electric sterilization and heating of the soil. Incandescent lighting stimulates and controls plant growth. X-ray treatment of seeds and bulbs is producing new and improved varieties of plants. These and other new movements in agriculture are increasing the certainty of a high-quality food supply.

In these movements General Electric is co-operating with many agricultural laboratories and farm experts. Some of these developments would have been impracticable without earlier G-E research, for from the Research Laboratory, in Schenectady, came the necessary tools for investigation and application of its results.

In every field of productive endeavor, G-E research is contributing to the progress toward higher standards of living

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Literary Digest

FOR NOVEMBER 7, 1936

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Mail

Correcting a Correction

Sir:—My attention has been called to a letter appearing in your correspondence columns recently which mentions me and my work in the Hamilton Hotel.

While I appreciate very much indeed Mr. Butler's generous remarks about my work, I must point out that I had nothing whatsoever to do with the Gold Room under discussion. Mr. Butler was not manager at the time and apparently did not realize that our work did not extend beyond the Lobby, Coffee Room and Banquet Hall.

Washington, D. C. GENEVIEVE HENDRICKS.

Neutrality

Sir:—After having read THE LITERARY DIGEST for a number of years, I feel that, taking all things into consideration, you have done a wonderful job of maintaining neutrality on all questions. If other business men could do as well with all controversies during the next four years, our U.S.A. house would be kept in order.

As the policy of the DIGEST points out, the worth-while method is to listen in on both sides and come through the scrap without casualties. All classes have much in common. Since they can't get along without one another, they must learn tolerance so that they can work in harmony.

CARL H. GALLOWAY.

Winter Park, Florida.

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Rodeo

Sir:—It seems unfortunate that a periodical of the standing of THE LITERARY DIGEST should give prominence (October 24 issue) to a display of brutality such as the rodeo at Madison Square Garden, New York. When a similar exhibition was put on in England, the British public, well-known as champions of animals, rose up in such outspoken protest that those responsible were forced to discontinue the rodeo.

Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals all over the Continent have gone on record as opposed to rodeos. For any one who takes the trouble can see that "bucking" is the result of the intense pain caused by a cruel strap or rope tied tightly around the animal's loins.

Altho the riders' skill is unquestioned, my protest is against the method used to produce the "bucking." MARIAN RAY.
Ottawa, Canada.

Salad Bowl

Sir:—Much damage has been done to the American police and to this company by the implications made in "Poison Gas in America's Salad Bowl," which appeared in the October 10 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST

Granting that America is going through a transition period in which we are facing a new social order . . . these periods of social unrest are most trying to the police. . . . Tear gas is the principal weapon of the police. . . . The tear gas used was Chloroacetophenone, tested and approved for its harmlessness by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. I have personally been subjected to it hundreds of times. I have known of several hundred thousand people being gassed with it, and no harmful after effects. . . .

Perhaps in pure DIGEST style you desire to give the public both sides of the subject and publish this letter. . . . JOHN W. YOUNG.
President of Federal Laboratories, Inc.
Pittsburgh.

THE LITERARY DIGEST was erroneous in its statement that poison gas was used to quell the Salinas, California, riots. Tear gas, which was used, police authorities state, is not poisonous. —*Editor.*

Baldheads

Sir:—I have read THE DIGEST for thirty-seven years—and hope to continue reading it for as many more—but sometimes you give me the shivers.

In your issue of October 17, you go into a lengthy diatribe on baldheads, coming to the conclusion that no one knows why hair falls out. Let me clear the cobwebs from your garret:

When a man passes his forty-fifth year, the roots of his capillary adornment finally penetrate the cranium. If the hair strikes brains, it turns gray; if it strikes water, it falls out.
T. C. BROWNE.
Kennewick, Washington.

Sir:—Recently, learning that sheets of stainless steel are welded by electric shots of 1,000 to the second, creating melting heat without changing the chemical composition of the medium through which it passes, it occurred to me that possibly the high pungency of acrid foods—onions, peppers, horseradish, mustard or chilli-sauce—is the culprit dealing death to our erstwhile luxuriant hirsute appendage, thus opening a third lane for further research. GEORGE E. HARRIS.
St. Joseph, Missouri.

Blood Will Tell

Sir:—Let me quote a paragraph from "Edward's Friend" in the October 24 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST:

". . . except that they (the rank and file of Englishmen) do rather wish it were an *English* commoner like their Duchess of York."

Since when did the Duchess of York become "English"? "British," if you like, or with more exactitude, "Scottish." Any one who has traveled beyond the boundaries of Hickville will tell you that Her Grace, daughter of an old and noble Scottish house, is Scottish to the core.

It is also possible to take exception to the term "commoner" as applied to the Duchess of York, unless it is intended in the narrow sense of not being of the actual royal blood of the reigning House of Windsor. Lady Elizabeth Bowes Lyon, as a daughter of the noble and ancient family of the Earls of Strathmore, is hardly a commoner in the general sense of the word understood by the average man in the street.
(MRS.) IAIN GRAHAM.
Washington, D. C., and "Trynlaw,"
Helensburgh, Scotland.

The Editor concedes that a distinction should have been made between "Scottish" and "English." He is all the more chagrined since he has in truth lived as far east and west of Hickville as Budapest and San Francisco.

Nevertheless, whatever the man in the street may think, a commoner is one who has no royal blood. The Duchess of York has no royal blood and is, alas, a commoner.—*Editor.*

Boulder Dam

Sir:—I have just completed reading your account of the Boulder Dam engineering triumph in the October 17 issue of THE DIGEST. Your account is the clearest, most concise I have yet read. Not only do you present news from the dam, but also its history and its future.

That's the kind of article we like; we're glad to see more and more of them.
HARBIN M. KING.
Young Harris College, Georgia.

Sir:—In THE LITERARY DIGEST of October 17 you state that "The Colorado River aqueduct (is) now moving across the desert at the rate of about two miles a day." Are you sure that is correct?

The rate seems exceptionally fast—unless it is the sum of the progress of many contractors working at many points.
St. Louis. C. A. WETTENGEL.

The surmise of Mr. Wettengel is correct.—*Editor.*

The Cover

Sir:—You are probably receiving many congratulations on your current covers, and I am moved to add my own.

They are certainly the most distinctive covers any magazine has used recently, and I have an idea that they will help to fix in the mind of the public and advertisers the fresh viewpoint that has been characterizing your editorial pages in recent months.
DEWEY PINSKER.
E. T. Howard Company, Advertising.
New York City.

Light Brigade

Sir:—I read with much interest the article, "The Light Brigade Charges Again," in the October 17 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST.

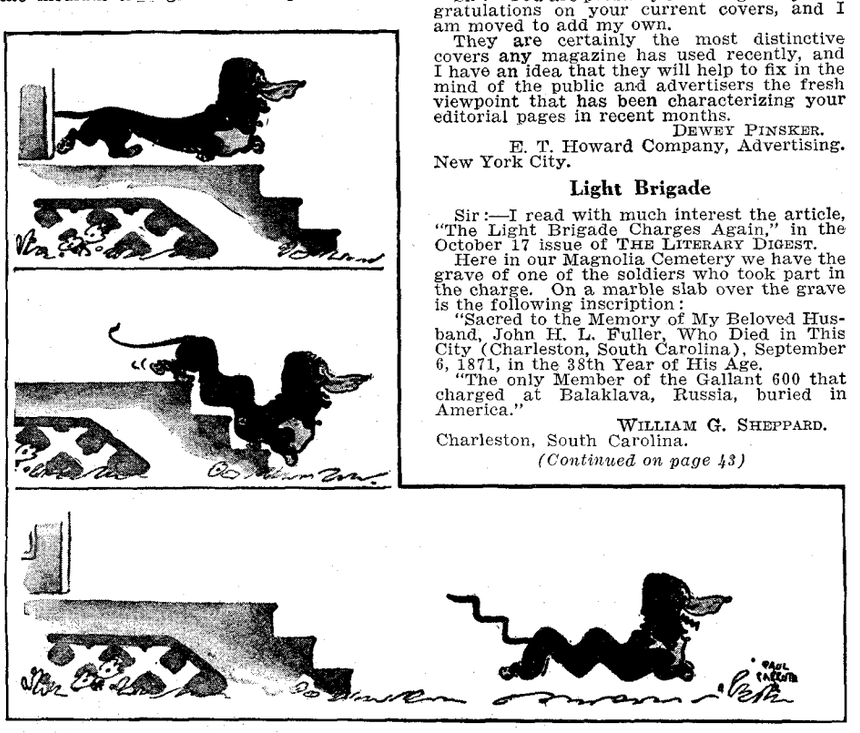
Here in our Magnolia Cemetery we have the grave of one of the soldiers who took part in the charge. On a marble slab over the grave is the following inscription:

"Sacred to the Memory of My Beloved Husband, John H. L. Fuller, Who Died in This City (Charleston, South Carolina), September 6, 1871, in the 38th Year of His Age.

"The only Member of the Gallant 600 that charged at Balaklava, Russia, buried in America."

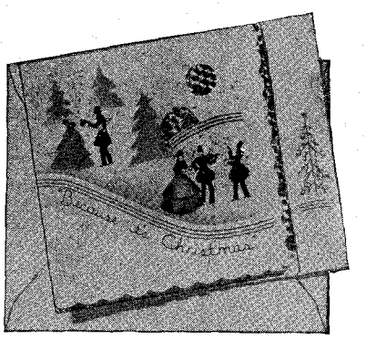
WILLIAM G. SHEPPARD.
Charleston, South Carolina.

(Continued on page 43)



FRITZ
—Paul Carruth in American Legion Monthly

35 NEW CHRISTMAS



FOLDERS

In 35 Different Designs,
62 Colored Seals,
14 Tags, 6 Labels—

ALL FOR 98c Post-Paid

Here is a *special* selection of beautiful new Christmas folders, each and every one of artistic design and all in the best of taste. There are no two alike!

35 Folders and Envelops

The 35 beautiful folders in this assortment (all different) are in three or four colors and gold and silver. Some die cut with metallic paper showing through, some with ribbon and cord ties, all with envelops to fit. The designs are all tasteful and artistic, lithographed on special quality paper, and include all of the Christmas symbols—Christmas trees, candles, Poinsettias, sleighing scenes, etc. Average size about 4½x5½ inches, double fold.

Seals, Tags, and Labels

There are 62 colored seals in this assortment, mostly embossed in colors and gold and silver. The 14 tags—10 embossed—are in colors and gold. The 6 labels have attractive designs and are in colors. These accessories are ideal for use in dressing up Christmas packages and making them more attractive.

Satisfaction Guaranteed!

This is not just a common "bargain" assortment of old Christmas folders. The folders and accessories are all crisp, clean and new. Send for several complete assortments. If you are not entirely satisfied with your purchase, you may return the assortment or assortments to us within ten days after receipt at our expense and we will refund your money in full.

35 Christmas Folders
62 Seals, 14 Tags, 6 Labels
ALL FOR ONLY 98c Post-Paid

Donald Mason, P. O. Box 103
Madison Square Station, New York City.

Please send me ..... sets of your Christmas folder assortment at 98c. each, for which I enclose $.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

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How long should a Man's legs be?

Lincoln had a good answer. "Long enough," he drawled, "to reach from his body to the ground."

THAT seems like a good rule to apply to a business. It ought to be big enough to do the job it is intended to do.

Have you ever thought about the size of a company—what makes it big or small?

It isn't the directors and it isn't the stockholders—but the public. No business grows, and keeps on growing, unless it meets the people's needs and renders a worthwhile service at a fair price.

The Bell System has developed along those lines for over fifty years. It has grown as the nation has grown. It has to be big to provide efficient, adequate telephone service to 127,000,000 people.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK NOVEMBER 7, 1936

Topics of the day

THE COST OF LIVING STARTS TO CLIMB

Food, Rent, Clothing and Fuel Rise With Purchasing Power

PREVIEW OF THE NEW AMERICAN DRAMA

THE RISING COST OF LIVING

WHICH WILL HAVE ITS PREMIERE WITHIN A FEW WEEKS

(WITH A LONG RUN ASSURED)

THE CAST: 125,000,000 AMERICANS

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS: FOUR VILLAINS, FOOD, RENT, CLOTHING, FUEL; AND THE HOME-COMING HERO, PROSPERITY

TIME: ABOUT DECEMBER 1, 1936

Scene 1: Indianapolis—*Mrs. John Jones,* a housewife, carrying a market-basket, enters a butcher shop to buy week-end supplies.

Mrs. Jones: How much is sirloin steak to-day?

Butcher: Forty-three cents a pound.

Mrs. Jones: Forty-three? Why, it's going up; that's two cents more than last week.

Butcher: Yes, *Mrs. Jones,* and it will probably go higher. All meat is going up, especially beef and pork—mostly on the choice cuts, tho.

Foods—*Mrs. Jones* speaks for thousands of housewives throughout the country. If her cousins in distant cities have not yet heard the news, they will within the month. Not only meat, but most other foods are due for a price-rise, which is expected to continue through the winter.

To feed her family during the winter, economists and other experts say, is going to cost the American housewife from 5 to 20 per cent. more than she is spending now. But they qualify that statement: she will feel the extra cost particularly if she insists upon buying the same choice cuts and fine grades of provisions that she has been buying for the last twelve months. If she buys cheaper grades, the pocketbook pinch will be more gentle.

But she probably won't. As the nation emerges from a depression, the American housewife usually spends first for new clothing and furniture; the surplus goes for food. As long as there is a surplus, she uses it to put steaks, chops and fried chicken on the family table, ignoring the cheaper meats. That is why experts of the United States Department of Agriculture estimate that prices of beef and pork may rise as much as 25 per cent. But they do not expect the *Joneses*—an average family—to dent their food budgets severely.

Scene 2: San Francisco—*Mrs. James Green* enters a department store to "look at" a coat.

Mrs. Green: (to a clerk) Do you mean to tell me the price of that coat is $104?

Clerk: That's right, madam.

Mrs. Green: But I saw the same kind of coat this fall and it was only $99.98.

Clerk: Yes, madam, but all clothing prices are going up—about 5 per cent. before spring, we understand. Almost all wearing-apparel has advanced already, and they say shoes are going to, soon.

Mrs. Green: Well, I guess I'd better take that coat now before it gets any higher.

Clothing—Again a typical colloquy, this scene is founded on experts' predictions that all apparel, men's and women's, is due for a rise—not more than 4 or 5 per cent. perhaps, but appreciable. It's all a part of the general boost, a result of the increased demand by people who are buying

GOURMET'S PRICE LIST

(New York Quotations)

Caviar	$12 per 14 oz.
Terrapin	$3.75 per No. 2 tin
Snails	$1.15 per 7 oz.
Paté de foie gras	90c. per 2 oz.
Goose-breast	$3 per lb.
Goose-livers	$3 per 12 oz.
Frogs' legs	50c. per 5½ oz.
Cocks' combs	$2.70 per 8 oz.
Pigs' feet	33c. per 14 oz.
Rattlesnake meat	$1.20 per 5 oz.
Scotch grouse	$4.50 per pair
Red-leg partridges, French	$3.50 a pair
English partridges	90c. each
English pheasants	$4.50 per pair
South American quail	75c. each
Venison	75c. per lb.
Hazel hens	$1.10 each

STAPLE FOODS

Average Retail Prices (Cents) of Thirteen Foods in 51 Large Cities

	1929	1930	1931	1932	1933	1934	1935	1936 (Average, Sept. 15)
Bread (white, per lb.)	8.8	8.6	7.7	7.0	7.1	8.3	8.4	8.2
Butter (per lb.)	55.5	46.4	35.8	27.8	27.7	31.5	36.0	42.4
Milk (fresh, per qt.)	14.4	14.1	12.6	10.7	10.4	11.2	11.8	12.2
Eggs (per doz.)	52.7	44.5	35.0	30.2	28.8	32.5	38.3	40.9
Potatoes (per lb.)	3.2	3.6	2.4	1.7	2.3	2.3	1.8	3.2
Beef (chuck roast, per lb.)	31.4	28.6	22.7	18.5	16.0	17.5	24.1	22.3
Beef (plate, per lb.)	21.4	19.3	14.7	11.8	10.5	11.0	16.7	14.6
Beef (sirloin steak, per lb.)	52.1	48.4	41.0	34.4	29.6	32.3	40.1	39.1
Pork (chops, per lb.)	37.5	36.2	29.6	21.5	19.8	25.5	35.4	39.5
Pork (bacon, sliced per lb.)	43.9	42.5	36.6	24.2	22.6	29.1	41.3	40.9
Pork (ham, sliced per lb.)	56.5	54.6	47.2	35.9	31.3	37.4	46.6	50.8
Lamb (leg, per lb.)	40.2	35.1	29.9	23.8	21.8	25.5	27.7	30.2
Poultry (roasting chicken, per lb.)	41.2	36.7	32.2	25.6	21.8	25.9	30.3	32.8

Compiled from figures of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, U. S. Dept. of Labor.

Wide World

Acme

Push-carts and pretzels make the pinch on pocketbook lighter as prices soar

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SHADES OF THE 6,000,000 LITTLE PIGS
BACON TO COST 50¢ PER LB., PREDICTS DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE. OTHER MEATS CORRESPONDINGLY HIGHER
CONSUMER

THE LAST LAUGH

—Messner in the Knickerbocker Press

clothes as the depression passes and money flows more freely.

Scene 3: Baltimore—*George Brown* (at telephone): *Smith and Smith Coal Company?* This is *George Brown.* I guess you'd better send me up a couple more tons.

Voice: Thank you, *Mr. Brown.* It will be twenty-five cents more a ton this time.

Mr. Brown: Well, that doesn't surprize me; everything is going up. I'm lucky at that, I guess; my rent hasn't been raised yet, but they tell me they're climbing in all parts of the country.

Rent—Behind this scene, economists predict that the rise in fuel will be slight, but that rent will take an important extra chunk out of the average income. For the nation as a whole, it is estimated that within the next year rents will have risen between 7½ and 10 per cent.

Scene 4: Pittsburgh—Two workmen are standing in line at a paying-teller's window.

First Workman: Bill, the missus tells me it's costing a lot more to run the house these days. How do you find it?

Second Workman: Same here, *Tom.* But I was reading that a dollar will still buy a lot more to-day than it did in 1929. Besides, we've got jobs, haven't we?

First Workman: Sure; but everything is so much higher than a year or so ago.

Second Workman: And that means wages, too.

Wages—The last point is stressed in a bulletin issued last week by the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. Based on Bureau of Labor Statistics data, it says:

"The average earnings of 15,100,000 employed workers increased more between 1935 and 1936 than did the average of retail food prices or other living costs. The greater increase in earnings has given the average employed worker a 1.6 per cent. greater purchasing power for food, and a 2.9 per cent. greater purchasing power for all items of living costs. Compared with 1929, the 1936 average earnings can be exchanged for 8.2 per cent. more food and for 3.9 per cent. more of all items of a typical worker's cost of living budget."

The man who may not find more money in his pay envelop now can at least indulge the hope that increasing general prosperity eventually will benefit him.

Between-the-acts guesses give little clue to the outcome of "The Rising Cost of Living." It is difficult to predict what the general price rise will mean to the average family, for nobody can say for certain just how much the increases will be. Most important probably will be that in food, for which the average family spends about one-third of its income. Such a family, according to figures used by large food processers, receives about $1,200 a year. The figures work out at the rate of about $8 a week for the table. The percentage increase here probably would be slight.

Causes—Most conservative estimates of the anticipated rise in retail food prices range from 5 to 10 per cent. Whatever it may be, it probably will assert itself definitely about December 1. Back of it, keyed directly to the extra pennies that *Mrs. Jones* will be obliged to lay on the counter, are several great economic forces: Crop restriction, the drought of last summer and increased consumer-spending power. The first two cut the supply, the third boosted the demand. Result: a price jump.

Greatest percentage of increase is looked for in beef, pork, butter and eggs; the least in canned goods and frozen foods. Bakers do not anticipate an advance in bread, but cake probably will go up.

Taking the situation at its worst by accepting the 25 per cent. upward trend in beef and pork prices forecast by government experts, the bad news for the housewife would run, nationally, about like this:

Sirloin steak, 50 cents a pound, instead of the present 40 cents; round steak 43 or 44 a pound instead of the present 35 cents; chuck roast, 27 or 28, instead of the present 22; pork chops, 48 or 49, instead of present 39; bacon, 50 cents, instead of 40.

Hope—But this forecast of a 25 per cent. rise in beef and pork prices is a maximum; it may be wrong. Those who budget sharply and watch the pennies need not despair: The experts emphasize that the biggest increase will be on choicer cuts; the dietitians are always ready to leap in with suggested substitutes.

Some solace can be found also in the fact that for general foods only a moderate price rise is in prospect. There are two reasons for this. One is keen competition, which tends to keep prices in line. The other is that a rise of one or two cents in a retail price will cause the buying public to ignore it, turn to a substitute.

Luxury—For *Mr. Rich,* New York *gourmet,* the price situation holds a dark cloud. Caviar has been going up; it costs about $2 a pound more to-day than it did a few months ago. Altho there are cheaper varieties, a popular caviar in New York City sells at $12 for fourteen ounces. But other delicacies, so far, have shown no price changes. Cocks' combs, for example, are still retailing at $2.70 per half pound, imported goose-breast can be had for $3 a pound and snails are stable at $1.15 per seven ounces.

Mr. Rich, and *Mrs. Poor,* wife of a Midwest college instructor, will join the cast for the climactic ensemble, which will run something like this:

Butcher, Clothier and *Grocer* (in chorus): "Things look bright."

Workmen: "Wages are rising."

Farmer: "I'm getting more for my produce."

Mrs. Jones: "I can afford to set a better table."

Mrs. Poor: "I can't. Our salary is the same."

Mr. Rich: "Cheer up. You can still get rattlesnake meat at $1.20 for five ounces."

SUNNY FLORIDA: America's Winter Playground Bars the Indigent, Welcomes the Affluent

"Gotta job?"

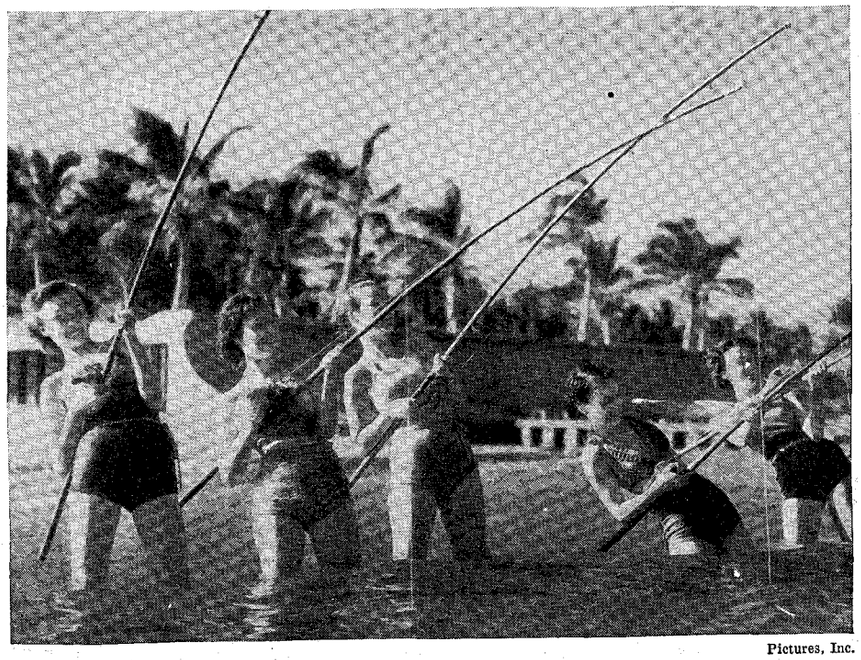
"No."

"Expect work or relief?"

"No!!"

"Got enough money to support the family in Florida?"

"If that's what you wanted to know," grumbled a lanky Tennessee mountaineer at the Alabama-Florida State-line last



Pictures, Inc.

Part of the Florida scenery . . . and how they love to fish!

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week, "why didn't ya say so in the first place? I got plenty o' dough and don't expect no help from anybody."

Flashing a roll of bills, the "Northerner" smiled at the border patrolman.

"Pass on, brother," thumbed the officer.

First chill in the air, millions of Americans, like migrating birds, wend Floridaward. Some get there by train, others by boat, bus, automobile, air-plane or just plain "hitch-hiking."

Sentries—All are welcome to the Everglade State—all except the unlucky sun-followers without funds. Twenty-five alert guardians watch the eleven main arteries into the State. In three years more than 25,000 penniless floaters have been turned back at the borders just as in California and Colorado.

Trains are watched for "gondola and side-door Pullman" passengers as well. Others sneak through on buses or trucks but the local police catch up with these sooner or later.

America's Riviera is preparing for the biggest season since the golden days of 1925-'26, preceding the famous crash of 1929.

On the streets of Miami now they offer anything for sale from an oil-well to a papaya-grove. To the natives, this means one thing: prosperity has returned.

Frequently plagued by drought, hurricane and crop damage, present day Floridians nevertheless face all adversity with the complacent thought: "Thank Heaven, the weather can't kill the tourist crop!"

Approximately 2,000,000 visitors came to alligator land during 1935-'36. They left $245,000,000—most successful industry in the State—the tourist trade.

Playboys — Gaging the national pocketbooks, native observers believe an additional 500,000 will arrive between November and May. Flivvers, rattle-traps, trailers, limousines; millionaires, vacationists, playboys, gamblers, travelers, artists, writers, foreigners, crooks—the seasonal population of any "Gold Coast."

Three classes go to Florida regularly.

Elderly people with modest incomes, who live as simply as they would at home for virtually the same amount of money.

Those — like hotel employees — whose work is winter business.

But most popular of all is the leisure class who come to play, dance, drink, sin, rest, "be social" or "raise hell."

For these Florida offers everything a check-book permits them to indulge in. Polo, yachting regattas, bicycling, swimming tennis, badminton, greyhound-racing, roulette, aquaplaning, hunting, sailfish chasing, deep-sea fishing, horse-racing. And the oft-photographed bathing beauties, native belles, stroll the beaches.

A Northern business executive can reach the South overnight in the new *de luxe* air-plane sleepers. Or ship his car for the price of an additional fare at two cents a mile. Or reach "the land of flowers" in twenty-six hours by the luxurious Florida Special with its hostess, club-cars, orchestra and dancing. Ships carry others.

Sixteen member firms of the New York Stock Exchange have branch offices in Florida so that "papa" can have another day's golf in peace.

Nobility—Prince and Princess Otto von Bismarck, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish, the Earl of Carnarvon and Prince and Princess Chlodwig Hohenlohe-Schillingsfurst were among the hundreds of the nobility who played in Palm Beach last winter.

Contrasting with these are Broadway and Hollywood celebrities who go to entertain, be seen and have a good time away from blizzards, studio activities or footlights. Calling the change "a vacation," they whirl around day and night at a pace giddier than the one they are escaping from.

Eddie Cantor, Earl Carroll, Sophie Tucker, Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, Gene Raymond, Lucienne Boyer, Yvonne Printemps, and Pierre Fresnay were among those who showed up last year.

Nationally syndicated columnists, Walter Winchell, Louis Sobol and Ed. Sullivan, follow the crowds from noon till dawn, recording the caperings, uproar and general high jinks of the fun makers.

Mornings the beach clubs and tennis-courts are crowded. Hardier souls venture three miles out to the lapis-lazuli Gulf Stream to pursue the gamy sailfish. Already almost nude bodies are deploying themselves in Biscayne Bay. Streets are crowded with gaily colored wives shopping in beach pajamas, slacks and sandals. Hatless men in shorts, short-sleeved polo shirts, or cable-stitched sweaters and rope-soled shoes accompany them. Vivid blues, greens and yellows tint the entire scene.

Then lunch in shaded *loggias*. Many native dishes appear to lure the epicure; stone crabs, papaya cocktails, fried turtle steak, deviled crawfish, chicken, pilau, shrimp pilau, fried shrimp, alligator pears, mullet, tangerines, guava jelly and sugar-cane are everywhere.

Racing—Under blooming hedges of azaleas and hibiscus, horse-racing attracts thousands to the Hialeah track. Con men and crooks pursue bank-rolls, dodge police.

Cocktail lounges and salons, of modern design, attract the late afternoon throngs.

In open-air *patios* under palm trees, dinner is served. Flimsy evening gowns showing expanses of sun-tanned backs and men in white linen dinner-jackets.

Then on for the night. The Colony Club, the Bath and Tennis Club, Town Casino, Palm Island, Hollywood Yacht Club, Hollywood Country Club to hear Harry Richman or hundreds of other night-clubs. Where gambling is allowed, high-priced Broadway entertainers perform.

In its two-month season last winter the French Casino in Miami took in more than $40,000 a week.

Then on and on through the night till dawn. Champagne flows freely in Florida.

Next morning, whether it be in hotels charging $5 or $40 a day—hangovers.

And Florida has its own cure for hangovers. Coca Cola and ammonia.

If that doesn't work try Coca Cola, ammonia and aspirin. Hardy natives maintain it is strong enough to lift one right out of bed and into the Gulf Stream.

WHIPPING-POST: Woman in Washington State Advocates It for Her Sex as Well as Men

In Seattle, Washington, last week, as the Washington State Bar Association conducted a referendum on the legalization of flogging, a woman Justice of the Peace announced that she favored the whipping-post for women felons as well as men.

"A woman's skin is no tenderer than a man's," she observed.* "But as the proposed measure stands now, women criminals would be exempt."

If Washington decides to adopt the cat-o'-nine-tails for both sexes, it will be going one better the only other State which uses this form of punishment—Delaware.

"The punishment of whipping shall be inflicted publicly by strokes on the back, well laid on," says section 29 of Delaware's revised penal code of 1893. To-day it is the State's prime defense against hobos, vagrants and petty thieves who wander through on their way up and down the Atlantic seaboard. The law provides that no woman shall be whipped, and that no man shall be given more than sixty lashes.

Penalties—Lashes are doled out according to the severity of the crime. Arson gets twenty to sixty; larceny gets twenty; mayhem, thirty; perjury, forty. New Castle County, where Wilmington is located, had

*Most medical authorities agree that lashing would be no more painful to women than to men, but they add that the subcutaneous layer of fat peculiar to women causes women's skin to break more readily.

Keystone

Newcastle Workhouse, Delaware . . . no more than sixty lashes are legal

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twenty-one legal whippings in 1935—all of them for various forms of robbery.

Delaware whippings follow a definite routine. The prisoner is shackled to a whipping-post in the prison courtyard with both hands extended overhead. After his back has been bared to the waist, the warden, or sheriff, steps back ten paces and wields his old-fashioned "cat." He is not permitted to bend his arm, but must keep it outstretched.

The whipping over, the prisoner is taken to the hospital for treatment. Prisoners suffer from welts raised by the lash, but few of them ever bleed.

Since 1923, when the New York *World* published its Pulitzer prize-winning story of how Martin Tabert, a North Dakota farm boy, was whipped to death in a Florida prison-camp, societies and individuals have protested vigorously against flogging in any form.

Abandonment—Public opinion forced its abandonment in Connecticut, Texas, Alabama, Georgia and Florida, soon after the Tabert exposures. It is still used as a disciplinary measure in the prisons of many States, but most authorities consider it too light a penalty—as compared, for example, with solitary confinement.

In Delaware, the war against flogging is carried on chiefly by the Society of Friends. Not only is it cruel, they argue, but it has a demoralizing effect on the person doing the flogging.

Delaware authorities who favor this particular form of punishment retort that since the whipping-post is degrading, as well as painful, it is an excellent crime preventive. Also, they add, flogging a man is far more economical than supporting him in prison.

SOCIAL SECURITY: How the Much Discussed Law Will Work and Who Will Foot the Bill

The chant of campaign songs broke off abruptly, slogans became history as America marched to the polls this week. But in the dying embers of the hottest Presidential campaign in twenty years, one coal continued to glow—Social Security.

Dumped into the political arena only a fortnight before Election day, it was one issue which promised to remain a political bone of contention long after the nation's vote had been counted. Sensing its value as a meaty lure for the labor vote, Republicans and Democrats pounced on it.

Defense—To defend the program that had been entrusted to him, John G. Winant, former Republican Governor of New Hampshire, resigned from the chairmanship of the Social Security Board. "Individual private savings can never cope with the problem of security," he retorted.

As praise and condemnation of the Act piled up, newspaper offices were suddenly besieged with questions about a law that had been on the books for over a year. How much would the workers have to pay out? What would they get in return for their money?

In question-answer form, here are the main features of the Social Security Act—old-age benefits, old-age assistance, unemployment compensation—as they affect the average employee.

OLD-AGE BENEFITS

Q.—Who will contribute to the Government's old-age insurance plan?

A.—Both employers and employees will contribute, but certain classes of workers can neither make contributions nor draw future payments. These are: agricultural laborers, domestic servants, officers and crews of ships, government employees (Federal, State and local), employees of non-profit charitable and institutional groups. Thus some 26,000,000 of the 50,000,000 employables in the country will be excluded.

Q.—How much will workers and employers contribute?

A.—In 1937, 1938 and 1939, 1 per cent. of the worker's wages will be taken from his pay envelop. His employer will be taxed 1 per cent. of the total payroll. Every three years, the rate will increase one-half of 1 per cent. until 1949, when it will be pegged at 3 per cent. To illustrate: *Sam Jones* earns $50 a week. Every week next year, his boss will deduct 50 cents from *Sam's* pay envelop. To this the boss will add another 50 cents, making a total of $1 a week for every week *Sam* works. From 1949 on, *Sam* and his boss will be contributing $1.50 each per week. Every four months, the boss will send the money he has collected to the Bureau of Internal Revenue, from where it will go to the United States Treasury.

Q.—What will Sam *receive in return for these contributions?*

A.—He will get a pension for life, beginning when he is sixty-five. The size of the pension will depend on how much he has contributed and for how long he has been contributing.

Q.—When will the first pensions be paid?

A.—On January 1, 1942.

Q.—Will all workers who reach the age of sixty-five in 1942, and after, get monthly pensions?

A.—No. In addition to the excepted classes mentioned above, others will be excluded. The worker must fulfil these conditions: (1) He must have received a total of at least $2,000 in wages between December 31, 1936, and his sixty-fifth birthday; (2) he must have received wages on at least one day in each of five years between these same dates.

Q.—What happens to workers who reach sixty-five and fail to fulfil one or both of these conditions?

A.—The worker will receive in lump sum 3½ per cent. of the total wages he has received.

Q.—How much will Sam Jones *get when he is sixty-five, if he is thirty years old next year, when he begins contributing?*

A.—*Sam* is earning $50 a week, or $2,600 a year. In thirty-five years, he will have earned total wages of $91,000. This is the base on which his pension is figured. According to the provisions of the Social Security Act, he will receive monthly, one-half of one per cent. on the first $3,000 of his total wages, one-twelfth of one per cent. on the next $42,000, and one-twenty-fourth of one per cent. on everything over $45,000. Here is what he will be entitled to:

½	of 1%	of $3,000	or $15.00
½	of 1%	of $42,000	or $35.00
1/24	of 1%	of $46,000	or $19.17
			$69.17

Sam's monthly pension from the Government would therefore be $69.17. No one will receive a pension of less than $10 a month, and the maximum will be $85. The Act arbitrarily fixes these limits.

Q.—What if Sam *dies before he reaches the age of sixty-five?*

A.—His family will receive a lump sum payment equal to 3½ per cent. of the wages he earned after December 31, 1936. If he dies after his sixty-fifth birthday, his family receives a lump sum figured in the same way, but the Government deducts from it any monthly pensions made to him.

Q.—What happens to a worker who moves from one State to another, or to a man who becomes too ill to continue working, or to a woman who marries and gives up her job?

A.—This is a compulsory Federal insurance and applies to every man (and woman) regardless of where he works—unless the conditions mentioned above make him ineligible. A person who stops working does not lose money already paid into the fund, nor does he have any back payments to make up if he resumes work again. His monthly pension is based on the number of weeks he has worked and

Acme

Pay-off: next year "Uncle Sam" will collect one per cent. from eligible employees' envelops

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the wages he has received during that period.

Q.—What will the Government do with the taxes when they are collected?

A.—Each year, Congress will appropriate the money into a reserve fund. By 1980, say statisticians, this fund will be about $47,000,000,000. Congress provided in the Social Security Act that this money should be invested in United States bonds, or in obligations guaranteed by the Government, bearing at least 3 per cent. interest. The purpose is to make the program self-sustaining. To-day, the reserve fund is the most controversial feature of the Act. Critics say it will be a spur to extravagant and wasteful spending. Anti-New Deal speakers, in the closing days of the campaign, pointed out that, since the cash would be converted into securities, with the Government in the dual rôle of buyer and seller, the cash itself might be diverted to other purposes, such as public works. Then, these speakers insisted, when workers' benefits fell due, and it was necessary to raise cash, the bonds might be resold to the public, or amortized by taxes. In either case, the opponents of the Act charged, the $47,000,000,000 could be spent twice over, and the public, in the end, might have to foot the bill for actual workers' pensions. Confronted with these charges, the Social Security Board maintained a dignified silence.

OLD-AGE ASSISTANCE

Q.—Does the Act make any provisions for persons who are already sixty-five or over, and hence can not qualify for the annuities?

A.—These people are taken care of under the Old-Age Assistance program. If a State enacts a law, approved by the Social Security Board, providing gratuities for needy aged, the Government agrees to pay half the bill. It will match State grants to the aged dollar for dollar, but it will not give any individual more than $15 a month. The Government also will help pay administrative expenses of this program in each State.

Q.—How large are these gratuities?

A.—They vary from State to State. The largest is $30 a month. The lowest, $3.50.

Q.—Is there a special tax levied for these "grants-in-aid"?

A.—No. The Government's contribution comes out of general taxes collected by the Treasury. Most States levy special sales taxes to pay for their share.

UNEMPLOYMENT COMPENSATION

Q.—What provision does the Social Security Act make for unemployment insurance?

A.—The Act does not establish an unemployment compensation system, but through a special tax levied on payrolls, it "invites" States to draw up their own unemployment compensation laws.

Q.—How big is the tax, and who pays it?

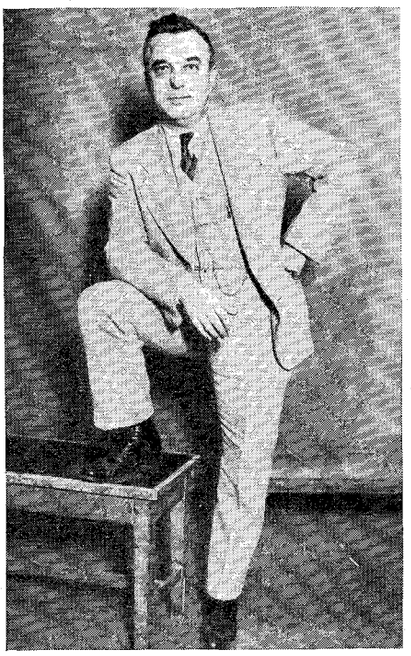
A.—The levy amounts to 1 per cent. of the payroll in 1936, then jumps to 2 per cent. in 1937. From 1938 on, it is 3 per cent. Every man who employs eight or more persons during twenty weeks of the year pays this tax—in addition to the Old-Age Benefit tax. The only exceptions are employers of labor in the classes previously mentioned.

Q.—To whom does the employer pay this tax?

A.—If his State has no unemployment insurance law approved by the Social Security Board, he pays it directly to the United States Treasury. If his State has such a law, 90 per cent. of the levy goes to the State unemployment compensation fund. The other 10 per cent. goes to the Federal Government for national and local administrative expenses. Thus it behooves States either to pass unemployment insurance laws or lose the benefit of the tax on payrolls.

Q.—How big is the compensation for the average employee?

A.—This varies from State to State. Generally it amounts to 50 per cent. of the employee's average weekly wage, with the minimum being set at $5 and the maximum at $15. The longest period over which an unemployed person receives the benefit—under State laws enacted thus far—is sixteen weeks. A waiting period of unemployment is required before compensation begins. This is usually two weeks.



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Roy L. Gray: fed up with being average

AVERAGE MAN: Roy L. Gray Finds Nine Years of Limelight Enough

"I'm sick of being The Average Man. Let some one else try it for awhile!"

Almost white-haired, fifty-two-year-old Roy L. Gray, clothing store operator of Fort Madison, Iowa, is fed up with the stares, smiles, handshakes, congratulations and glory he has received.

Nine years ago, *The American Magazine* made a nation-wide search for the average man.

Selection—The census was divided by forty-nine, Iowa found to be nearest to the average State. Iowa's population was divided by 205—number of Iowa towns with population over 1,000—and Fort Madison approximated the average. American census figures showed the average family to contain 4.3 persons. Out of Fort Madison's 11,299 citizens, Roy L. Gray was selected.

Neither short nor tall, thin nor fat, he was a native, of native parents.

His family numbered four; self, wife, son and daughter.

Tastes were average; liked business, made money, believed in God, soundness of the country, virtue of fellow men. Slept late on Sunday, liked peace, a pipe, slippers and the newspapers. Drove a car.

Limelight—With his selection, Gray rocketed into the limelight. The first year was the hardest; trips to Chicago, radio appearances, offers of a vaudeville tour, more than 1,000 interviews, incessant ringing of the telephone with long-distance calls.

Several hopeful Europeans, believing any average American of those days to be fantastically wealthy, wrote for money. Friends chided him for not cleaning up with endorsements for hair tonics and patent medicines, but he plodded along, trying not to change his mode of living in the face of such an avalanche of publicity.

"It's been worth it for the experience, if for nothing else," Gray said after the initial twelve months. "I've discovered that the average man has more friends than he has enemies. Friends outnumber enemies ten to one."

Tired—But in the eight intervening years, the repetition of "average man" has worn away the rock of patience. Only this year, he was a guest at Rockefeller Center in New York City. And the publicity threatened to start all over again. Furthermore, never a day passes but someone congratulates him on his 1927 title.

Gray still lives in the same house, operates the same store, belongs to the Methodist Church. His children have grown up, are at school; he still smokes his pipe, reads his newspapers, likes his slippers and peace on Sunday.

Fort Madison now has a population of 13,779; Gray has a new car. The Mississippi still runs by the town, tho.

"But listen," Gray pleads, "let's forget this 'average man' stuff. Nine years of it is enough. In fact, it's too much for me."

EARLY VOTERS: New Ashford Proud of Its Speed in Balloting and Counting Returns

"It is so still in New Ashford that one can hear a feather drop from a bluejay's tail," wrote Josh Billings, the humorist, a century or so ago.

And still it still is, except on Election day in Presidential years. Then what a tumult and shouting crash out in New Ashford! Content to drowse in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts for three years and 364 days out of every four years, New Ashford on the day remaining leaps to life, twitches in every member and yells for national recognition.

On Presidential Election days, it is the proud glory of New Ashford to be the first town in the United States to cast its votes, tally them and report them to the universe.

Other Berkshire towns have twitched at New Ashford's laurels. On one occasion, only a poor telephone connection kept them from the grasp of Mount Washington. Last week, the ladies of nearby Tolland, buying up bacon, eggs and coffee, were promising fat breakfasts to every voter who cast his ballot before 6.10 A.M. But New Ashford

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had been first since 1916, and if the Andersons and Beaches, the Rathbuns and Pickenses, the Packards and Raineys who people it can make it so, it will continue to be first till the cows come home.

Yankee—Predominantly Methodist, stoutly Republican, as Yankee as pie for breakfast, New Ashford—population ninety-four, assessed valuation $125,000, annual budget $6,000—clings to the hillsides twelve miles north of Pittsfield.

An ultramodern motor road twists through its heart, and air-flow autos swoop over it, but New Ashford remains horse-and-buggy in atmosphere. It has never had a railroad, trolley-car or telegraph-office. It had never had a public telephone until this year, when one was installed in Benjamin Boyce's gas station. But neither has it any town debt or relief problem.

On Election day every four years, New Ashford citizens hop out of bed at cock-crow, milk the cows in jig-time, gulp down breakfasts, give the dishes a lick and a promise, and go steaming down to the one-room, century-old white school-house. There they cluster excitedly around the square, wood-burning, sheet-iron stove until 5.45, when the polls open.

Mrs. Mattie Beach, Town Clerk, sits at teacher's desk and hands them their ballots. Quickly, for these people know their own minds, they mark them, drop them in the ballot box. Quickly they are tallied and, usually from a telephone in a near-by town, flashed from 'Quoddy to San Diego.

Casualty—Eight years ago, New Ashford used a short-wave radio, but one of the radio operators fell from a tree and sprained his arm, deepening distrust of new-fangled gadgets. Nevertheless, last week, broadcasting chains were instructing their agents to be on hand in the little white schoolhouse when New Ashford casts its votes.

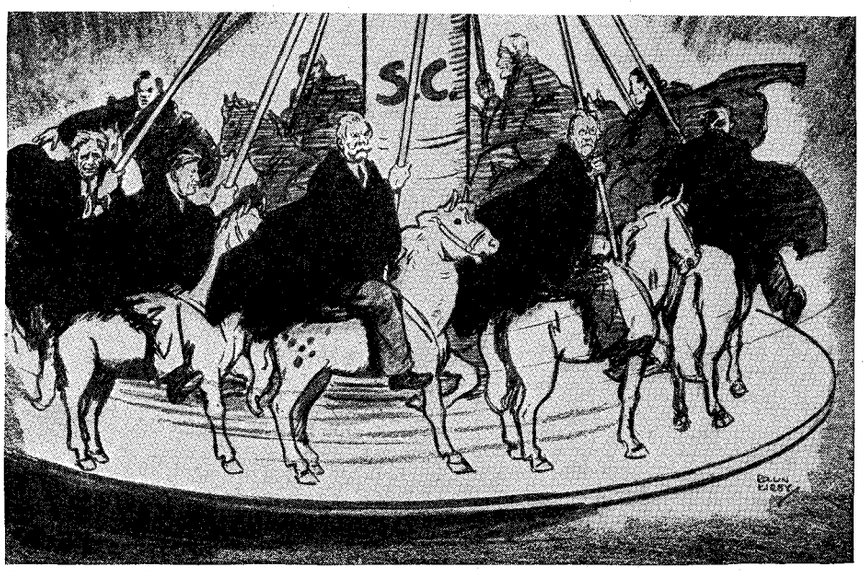
Sitting in the living-room of his flat-roofed house on the Stanford University campus on the morning of Election day, 1928, Mr. Hoover got a telegram that delighted him. "Good omen," it said. "New Ashford: 28 Hoover, 3 Smith." Beaming, he pinned the message on the mantel of the fireplace. Four years later, Mr. Hoover carried New Ashford again. The vote: 24 Hoover, 8 Roosevelt.

In 1928, the New Ashford result was officially announced at 6.26 A.M. In 1932 it was not announced until 6.28. One man, a Democrat, was entirely responsible for the delay. Gregory Makaroff, the son of a gun, scorned all offers of a lift, walked two miles to the polls carrying a Roosevelt banner with a horseshoe painted on it for luck.

POWERFUL NINE: New Book Deals Irreverently and Boldly With Supreme Court

A week before Election, the nine elderly Justices of the United States Supreme Court hung their black silk robes in their lockless lockers, announcing they would not reconvene until a week after the Election.

Few of the Justices have any interest in the theater, but their pause was nevertheless dramatic. It was as if the nine, the most powerful critics the New Deal had faced, were stepping aside while the people, truly the court of last resort, brought in their own verdict.



Courtesy Doubleday, Doran

Design from the book jacket of Pearson and Allen's sassy book, "Nine Old Men"

The pause seemed to symbolize, too, the striking neglect in the recent campaign of a live and central issue: the powers and the views of the Supreme Court itself. Campaign orators minimized or skipped it. Partly, perhaps, because they were afraid of it; there seems to be an unspoken but strong tradition that hostile criticism of the Court shall be as austere and reserved as the atmosphere of the marble Court chamber itself.

Sassy—Cheerfully, briskly, Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, Washington correspondents whose chatty and informative column is syndicated in some 350 newspapers, toss that tradition out the window. Their newly published book, "The Nine Old Men," is intimate, informal and sassy.

Since the first of the year, ten books on the Supreme Court have been published, and thirty-one on the allied subject of the Constitution, but none of the rest call the $10,000,000 Supreme Court building the Taj Mahal or note that the Chief Justice wears old-fashioned white nightgowns.

Largely composed of personality sketches the book strokes and strikes with a free and irreverent hand:

Chief Justice Hughes: "The No. 1 high-aerial acrobat of Big Top politics. He has swung back and forth from liberalism to economic stultification with greater ease than the daring young man on the flying trapeze."

Justice Stone: "In Justice Stone's home is the fulfilment of every small boy's dream—a secret button which will cause a bookcase to swing to one side, revealing a hidden door between his study and the dining room of his house. . . . On the surface, Stone is on good terms with all of his court colleagues except McReynolds, whose rudeness he can not tolerate."

Justice Butler: "The only difference judicial robes have meant to Pierce Butler is that as an attorney he pleaded for special privilege and as a judge he creates and sanctifies it."

Justice Roberts: "Mrs. Roberts . . . leads her husband in the paths which she has picked. And if he rebels, she has a stock method of kidding him into obedience. 'Owen,' she says, 'remember. You're just an old man! One of the Nine Old Men!'"

Justice Brandeis: "The Brandeis apartment is simple almost to the point of austerity. The furniture is old-fashioned and none too comfortable. The food, served by an aged Negro, is equally plain. Usually there is no cloth on the table."

Justice Van Devanter: "He is a fanatical reactionary. He is a fanatical dry."

Justice Sutherland: "Justice Sutherland and Justice Van Devanter have much in common. . . . But there is an outstanding difference between the two men: Van Devanter has brains."

Justice Cardozo: "Never have his friends heard from Cardozo an off-color story or a word of innuendo against female virtue; nor would they dare indulge in the mildest form of ribaldry in his presence."

Justice McReynolds: "Not only can he not get along with his colleagues on the bench; he can not get along with himself."

Cordial toward the liberal Justices, cool toward the conservatives, the authors are convinced that the Supreme Court has taken an "intransigent position athwart the path of progress," has become "the protector of the industrial overlords." And they say so, frankly, finding justification for their book in the remark of former Justice Brewer:

"It is a mistake to suppose that the Supreme Court is either honored or helped by being spoken of as beyond criticism. . . . The time is past . . . when any living man or body of men can be set on a pedestal and decorated with a halo."

Never for a moment do the authors minimize the Court's importance; they call it, in fact, the "most powerful judicial body in the world."

Some small hint of its power was evident last week. Just before it recessed, the Court agreed to rule this term on whether the Wagner Labor Relations Act, which grants the right of collective bargaining and stands as a corner-stone of the New Deal, is constitutional or void.

"Now we step out of the picture for a while," the Justices seemed to say. "But—we'll be back."

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QUEENLY ENIGMA: What Will Mrs. Simpson and King Edward Do? Asks Wondering World

Nobody mentioned the King. For that matter, no British newspaper mentioned that Mrs. Simpson was his friend.

But minutes before the Baltimore belle slipped out of Ipswich Assizes with her second divorce in her pocket, a million conversations were being launched around the world with the phrase:

"Now that she's free—"

Javanese and New Yorkers and Icelanders wondered, like Britons, whether, "now that she's free," the American woman would:

1. Fade out of the picture as Wallis Warfield to spare her "Davey" any embarrassment;

2. Simply continue to be Mrs. Simpson, "his closest friend";

3. Become his morganatic wife;

4. Become his Queen Consort, his inferior and subject, thereby enjoying the following ancient prerogatives:

a. The making of grants, gifts, or contracts without the King;

b. Suing and being sued without the King;

c. Receiving by gift from her husband;

d. Having her courts and offices as if she were a sole person;

e. Holding for treason those who plot against her life;

f. Being tried by her own equals for offenses;

g. Receiving her ancient revenue of Queen Gold (personal revenue).

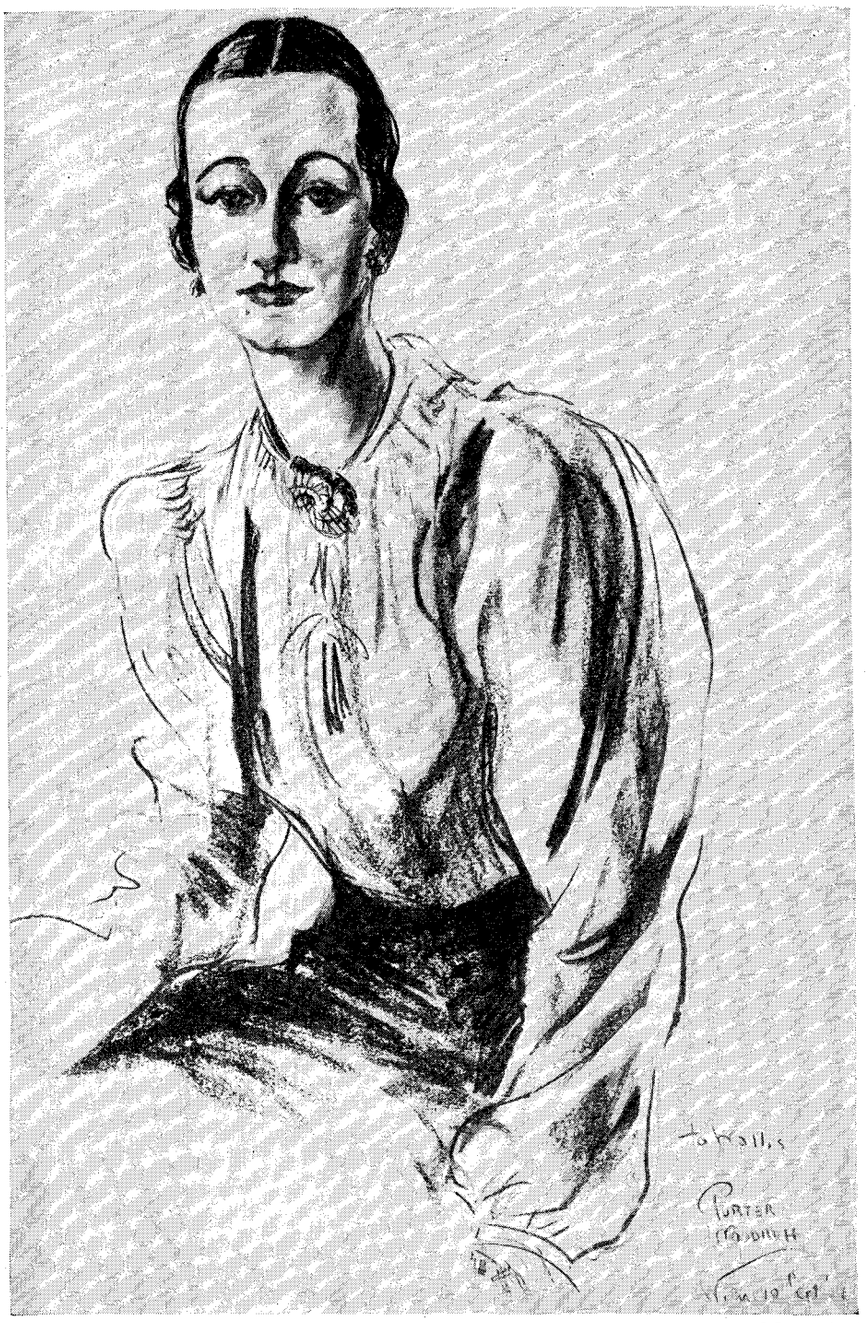
There is no law to prevent the King's making her his Queen, if he wishes. Even the established Church of England could perform the ceremony, for under the Divorce Laws of 1857, divorced people may remarry in church. A prelate or clergyman need not officiate if he objects, but he may not refuse the use of his church, or forbid another clergyman to officiate.

Inconsistency—In practise, the Church's attitude is contradictory: while refusing to admit there is such a thing as divorce, it takes a stand against it. Four years ago the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England, close friend of the Queen Mother, and traditional officiating clergyman at a royal marriage ceremony, voiced his "desire that in the case of any person previously married, who has been separated by divorce from a husband or wife who is still alive, the marriage should not be solemnized in church."

Socially, too, British royalty frowns on divorce. Queen Mary refused to receive divorcées in court, following the example of her strong-willed mother-in-law. Queen Victoria, devoting her life to Prince Albert's sainted memory, even frowned on the remarriage of widows, altho she was the child of a widow's second union.

But times are changing under the new King, tradition after tradition is being shattered.

Whereas Parliament could not forbid the match, it could ban "Queen Wally's" children from the throne. Moreover, it could cut or abolish the King's public income of $2,700,000 a year. At present, he does not receive $600,000 of this amount—



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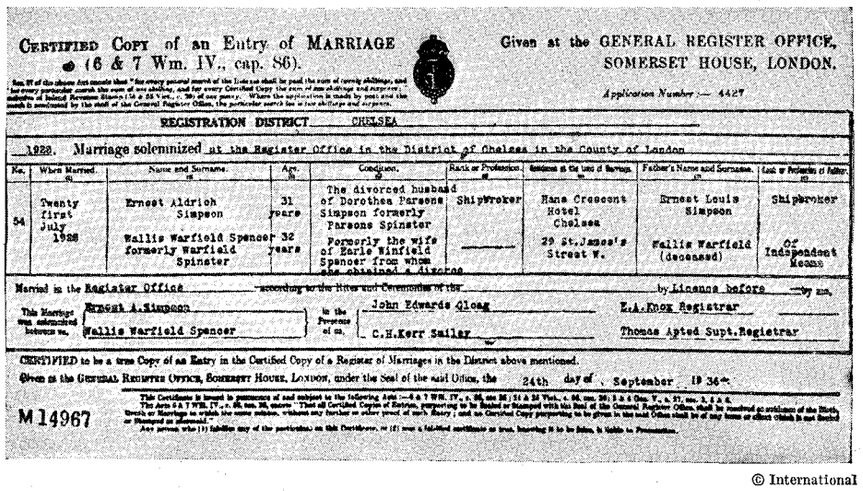
As her friends see "Wallis": an intimate sketch made by a friend of Mrs. Wallis Simpson last summer while she and the King were vacationing in Vienna



CERTIFIED COPY of an Entry of MARRIAGE (6 & 7 Wm. IV., cap. 86).

Given at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE, SOMERSET HOUSE, LONDON.

Application Number :— 4427

REGISTRATION DISTRICT CHELSEA

1928. Marriage solemnized at the Register Office in the District of Chelsea in the County of London

No.	When Married	Name and Surname	Age	Condition	Rank or Profession	Residence at the time of Marriage	Father's Name and Surname	Rank or Profession of Father
54	Twenty first July 1928	Ernest Aldrich Simpson	31 years	The divorced husband of Dorothea Parsons Simpson formerly Parsons Spinster	Shipbroker	Hans Crescent Hotel Chelsea	Ernest Louis Simpson	Shipbroker
		Wallis Warfield Spencer formerly Warfield Spinster	32 years	Formerly the wife of Earle Winfield Spencer from whom she obtained a Divorce		29 St.James's Street W.	Wallis Warfield (deceased)	Of Independent Means

Married in the Register Office according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the by Licence before by me.

This Marriage was solemnized between us, Ernest A.Simpson and Wallis Warfield Spencer in the Presence of us, John Edwards Glosg, C.H.Kerr Sailer

E.A.Knox Registrar

Thomas Apted Supt.Registrar

CERTIFIED to be a true Copy of an Entry in the Certified Copy of a Register of Marriages in the District above mentioned.

Given at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE, SOMERSET HOUSE, LONDON, under the Seal of the said Office, the 24th day of September 19 36

M 14967

This Certificate is issued in pursuance of and subject to the following Acts:—6 & 7 Wm. IV., c. 86, sec. 38; 51 & 52 Vict., c. 46, sec. 20; 3 & 4 Geo. V., c. 27, sec. 2, 3 & 4.

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Second marriage: the certificate issued at London's General Register Office in 1928 to Mrs. Wallis Warfield Spencer and Mr. Ernest Aldrich Simpson

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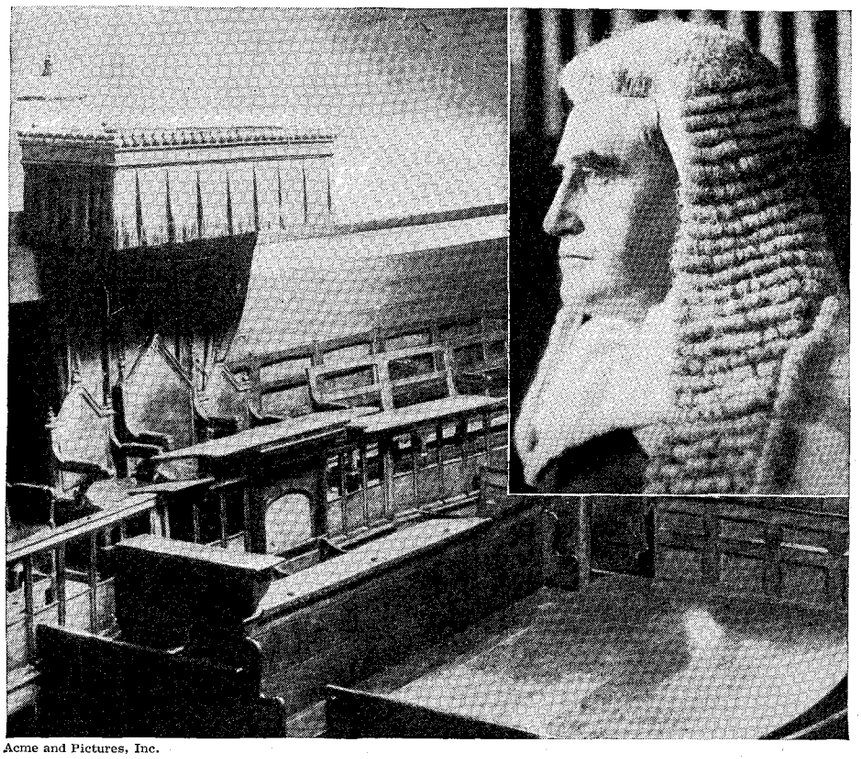

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Scene of Mrs. Simpson's divorce trial at Ipswich where Justice Sir John Hawke presided

$200,000 destined for his bride, the remainder for a future Prince of Wales.

Dowagers and bewhiskered Colonials—thinking of the glories of the past, the dearth of monarchs, the solidity of England and the pitiable state of the world at the moment—hope that "the nice thing will be done." But things like the friendship of the King and Mrs. Simpson haven't been happening with any great regularity of late, and memories are just a bit rusty on what the "nice thing" might be.

Edward could, of course, marry morganatically, like George IV, who, as Prince of Wales, made the twice-widowed, Roman Catholic Maria Fitzherbert his wife. Later, oppressed by debt, the "first gentleman of Europe" broke off the match and married Princess Caroline.

A morganatic marriage is one in which a person of high rank marries an inferior who can not share his title; the children forfeit any right of succession.

The term comes from *morgengabe*—the morning gift a husband gave his wife after their wedding. In Germanic countries, the "left-handed" wife's status varied with circumstances. When Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, married the Countess Sophie Chotek, old Emperor Franz Josef and his etiquette-bound court blackballed her. Then Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany impulsively placed her on his left at a dinner.

Thereafter, tho her children were banned from the throne, her social position in Austria was improved.

Status Quo—Friends of the King and Mrs. Simpson, uncertain of how the British people might react to a marriage, either regal or morganatic, feel that perhaps the best way would be to let things go on as they are—as friends. Memories of Edward's grandfather tend to condone any amatory alliances as long as they don't get in the way of affairs of state.

While the question of Edward's intentions tortured the entire American press, British editors still declined to speculate. The London *Times* set the tone for the story with its head-line: "Undefended Divorce Suit: Case at Ipswich Assizes."

Yet London society talked of nothing else.

Americans read and read and read. They shrugged their shoulders, joked, rather than talked.

In England, dowagers preferred to believe that the King and his American lady were merely good friends. Her influence, they argued, was "motherly," rather than amorous.

As Prince of Wales, the monarch used to toss off a full tumbler of Scotch and never show it, and on one occasion he had to be assisted from an Oxford club (he sent in his resignation next day). Under Mrs. Simpson's guidance, however, he is said to have limited his drinking. One story, undoubtedly an invention, has his mentor remarking:

"Now Edward, you're one over the VIIIth."

The King supposedly enjoys simple pleasures with the "domestic" Mrs. Simpson. She cooks meals with him in her flat, London hears, substituting "homey" comforts for dull court formality.

Busy Monarch—Last week, however, witnessed no such cozy parties.

King Edward put in long hours with Privy Councilors and other officials, discussing coronation problems and his speech for the opening of Parliament.

Mrs. Simpson, secluded in her new Cumberland Terrace home, informed the United Press that she might travel for a time. Not in the United States, she added, hotly.

"I'll never go back after all the nasty things they've said about me," she protested. "I could never show my face there. I don't know why they should talk about me in that way. I'm not important."

The comment to which she objected was summarized neatly in an eleven-word editorial in the Washington *Daily News:*

"The Court granted Mrs. Simpson, American grass widow, her divorce yesterday."

The article bore the caption:

GOD SAVE THE KING!

WAR-RIDDEN MADRID:

Leftists Draw in Lines for Last Stand as City Hears Gunfire

"Listen, comrades! To-morrow, October 29, our artillery and our armored trains will open fire at dawn against the enemy. . . . When the aerial attack is launched, our tanks will move on the enemy, attacking their most vulnerable points, sowing panic in the Rebel lines."

Premier Francisco Largo Caballero, Spain's elderly Socialist leader, issued a manifesto last week in an eleventh-hour effort to revive hope in beleaguered Madrid, where inexperienced Marxist militiamen were suddenly roused to their peril by the sound of heavy cannonading of Rightist troops, about a dozen miles to the southwest.

In a last desperate stand, the harassed Premier ordered a general offensive on all fronts encircling the Capital and jubilantly announced the acquisition of a "formidable mechanized armament," including fifteen American air-planes, "purchased indirectly through a friendly nation." To bolster the fading courage of his ill-trained, hastily recruited militia and battle-weary regulars, who are said to number more than 100,000 men and women, he grimly warned that "by themselves, comrades, these arms are insufficient for a victorious counter-offensive. They require at their service the revolutionary will to fight."

Homing War—Abandoning all hope of rallying its untrained hordes to smash through Insurgent lines at far-off points, the Leftist High Command reluctantly decided to bring the decisive fighting as near home as possible, trusting that thereby lukewarm citizens might be lashed into a fighting mood in the face of bloodthirsty Moors and ferocious Foreign Legionnaires, whose alleged atrocities are fully aired by the Leftist press.

Feebly heartening to Madrid's defenders was the news that 600 battle-scarred anti-Fascists were entraining from Valencia, on the Mediterranean, to aid their radical comrades in arms, while the relief column of Rightists failed to break through the press of Asturian miners who, for weeks, have threatened the capture of Insurgent-held Oviedo to the north.

As Generalissimo Francisco Franco's Fascist troops steadily advanced on all but the northern Guadarrama front in a smashing bottle-neck movement against Madrid, the Leftist troops could only claim two slim, Pyrrhic victories. Militiamen formed a veritable human wall beyond Valdemoro, seventeen miles south of Madrid, and savagely swooped down on the invading Insurgents' whippet tanks and Moorish cavalry toward the southwest. Aranjuez, important station on the Valencia-Madrid railroad line, was likewise retained by Leftist defenders, who withstood deadly air-plane and machine-gun fire to keep the vital means of communication open.

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Aiming to retake the strategic town of Navalcarnero, twenty miles to the southwest, Madrid's troops launched a day-long attack on Fascist lines, which faltered and might have broken but for the superior barrage of Foreign Legion crack machine-gunners. Retaliating, Rightist aviators *strafed* the capital with tons of bombs, disdaining antiaircraft gunners.

Reconciliation — In Barcelona, Capital of autonomous Catalonia, largely due to the presence of President Manuel Azaña, Socialists and Anarcho-Syndicalists smoothed out their differences in the interest of unity against their common Fascist foes. Resolutely the Catalonian Government mobilized classes from 1932 to 1935 and, to instil rigid discipline among the troops, drafted a military code enforceable on November 1.

Meanwhile, Gen. Emilio Mola, Commander-in-Chief of the northern Insurgent army, ordered an attack against Tardiente, twelve miles southwest of Huesca in Aragon and 145 miles northwest of Barcelona, whose radical militiamen beat back the attackers and inflicted heavy casualties.

To reenforce General Franco's western wing, General Mola took personal command of operations against El Escorial, twenty miles northwest of Madrid, while the southern Insurgent troops pushed a seven-mile advance, threatening to bring the Capital within range of artillery fire.

Despite uncontradicted reports that several Russian ships, laden with war munitions and foodstuffs, passed through the Dardanelles destined for the Spanish Leftists, the Soviet Ambassador to London stoutly inveighed against the Italian, German and Portuguese Governments, whom he accused of supplying General Franco with war materials.

Dissent—Playing a lone hand, the Russian, Ivan M. Maisky, upheld his country's threat of abandoning neutrality and registered his dissent at the London International Committee for the Application of Non-Intervention Agreement on Spain, which took six hours to exonerate Italy and Portugal of all charges of violating the pact. At the same time, the Committee politely presented charges made by Italy, alleging that the Soviet Union was guilty of violations.

Unable to take further measures, the Committee then adjourned for a week and referred proposals, made by the British spokesman for the supervision of the Spanish Coast, to the home Governments of the attending diplomats.

That General Franco owes most of his superior war equipment to Germany and Italy was clearly indicated by the New York *Times* correspondent, Frank L. Kluckhorn, who found it "impossible to send this information from Spain or Portugal."

"Italian tanks of the whippet type—Fiats capable of making high speed—were brought in via Corunna, Cadiz and Seville," he cabled. "Insurgent rifles and new rifles and machine-guns have been shipped from Hamburg to Vigo and other ports. . . . Italian and German planes numbering more than 100, Italian tanks numbering more than forty and Moorish troops equipped with foreign ammunition have been able to smash Madrid's elaborately prepared defenses, while Italian officers in their own country's uniforms are to be seen in General Franco's ranks."

DUCE'S SECRET: De Bono Reveals Firmer British Stand Might Have Saved Ethiopia

Chest arched, chin jutting, flanked by five Nazi German officers on the high balcony of the Piazza Venezia, Benito Mussolini, Italy's Premier, Minister of War, Minister of the Interior, Minister of the Navy, of the Air, of Corporations and of Colonies, last week relived at fifty-three the March on Rome that made him *Duce* at thirty-nine.

Nostrils flaring, all but spouting sparks and smoke, he barked to 44,000,000 Italians and by radio to the world, that Italy would "defend with the last drop of her blood, Victory (Ethiopia) and Empire (Ethiopia)."

Conspicuously absent from the balcony was his oldest collaborator—short, ibex-bearded Emilio Giuseppe Gaspare Giovanni De Bono, first professional soldier to join Mussolini's cause, early Chief of the Black Shirts, organizer of the March on Rome, colonial warrior by career, now hawk-eyed life Senator, Field Marshal, booming-voiced retailer of ribald stories, the only man in Italy who, at seventy, can climb a tree and sleep in it without falling out.

Revelations—The Marshal had just sired a book, and not all the shouts that welled up from the Capo del Governo for the Leader could quite drown out the growing uproar caused by "The Preparation and the First Operations," a detailed, candid and amazingly naive account of the beginnings of the Ethiopian conflict.

Among other casual admissions, one in particular took Italy's collective breath away:

Had Britain really made good Anthony Eden's threats last year, *Il Duce* would have abandoned hopes of empire and victory, contenting himself with holding the forty-six-year-old colony of Eritrea.

Summarized blandly is a "very secret note" written by Mussolini to De Bono (then in Eritrea), late in June last year, after Britain's furious young statesman had shaken the British Navy under *Il Duce's* nose.

"He told me that if we got into trouble with the English, we would naturally be obliged to renounce our offensive action and content ourselves with keeping to a defense which would have insured the integrity of the colony," writes the Marshal.

But Eden was left out on the limb by London. Ships, planes, guns and men poured into the Mediterranean basin; *Il Duce*, sensing that Britain was only "making faces," went ahead.

Quite as startling as the garrulous old soldier's confidences that the conquest could have been prevented is another admission—that the Ethiopian expedition did not originate in the now forgotten Ualual boundary clash in December, 1934, but that it was secretly planned and partly prepared long before, in 1933.

Suggestion—De Bono, then a General and High Commissioner to East African Colonies, was called from Asmara to Rome, received by Mussolini, asked for an opinion on the practicability of taking Ethiopia.

"His Excellency was not dismayed by the enormity of the thing," the little Marshal writes casually, apparently unconscious of the shock certain to be felt throughout the world when his masterpiece became widely known.

"But he did not decide then and there for the offensive. . . . He . . . had to take into account above all the international situation, and the fact that our armed forces had not yet reached the state of efficiency . . . preordained . . . had a clear idea that the affair must be resolved not later than 1936; and told me so."

Later, early in 1934, the Italian Military *Attaché* in Addis Ababa and the commander of troops then in Eritrea were

Gen. Emilio de Bono, querulous warrior, naively tells on Mussolini

Keystone

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called to Rome and taken into the confidence of *Il Duce* and De Bono, as were also the Chief of the General Staff and several important staff officers. Mussolini, still uncertain, was determined to maintain secrecy.

"In order to avoid too much on paper," writes the Marshal, "*Il Duce* ordered that all the decisions taken with regard to the undertaking should be verbalized."

Preparation—Most of 1934 was devoted to getting ready. New roads far beyond the needs of the European population of 4,565, all Italy, in forty-six years, had been able to persuade to live there, were built across the Eritrean plain. "Political officers," well-heeled, scurried about undermining the loyalty to Haile Selassie of tribes near the Eritrean border; and so successfully, crows De Bono, that 200,000 natives who normally would have fought for the *Negus Negusti* either remained at home, or, taking up arms, did nothing effective with them.

In January, while Ethiopia was objecting to an indemnity demanded by Italy for the death of two soldiers at Guerlogobi, De Bono received another letter from *Il Duce*.

"In case the *Negus* does not intend to attack us, it will be ourselves who will take the initiative."

In May, Great Britain took a truculent tone.

De Bono began to anticipate the closing of the Suez Canal, speaks of "the probable superiority of the British Fleet over our Naval Division," tells of the "very secret note."

But in Eden's timorous offer of a strip of British territory to buy him off, Mussolini detected that note of hesitancy in London for which he had been waiting.

The Canal was not closed, and to-day Ethiopia is his.

COCKPIT BELGIUM: It Lengthens Military Service, Plans Forts on French Frontier

Busy little industrial Belgium, sensing danger of a Continent-wide conflict, woke up last week determined to uphold her recently declared policy of "voluntary neutrality," even at the cost of once more becoming the cockpit of Europe.

Chubby, forty-year-old Foreign Minister Paul Henry Spaak loyally backed up King Leopold III's pronouncement of military preparedness, and characterized it as being "in no wise a sacrifice of Belgium's security and interest."

Clenching the Government's determination to ward off all possible aggression with a force of steel, he prevailed upon Premier Paul Van Zeeland to push through the Chamber of Deputies a bill increasing the military service from twelve to eighteen months for Belgium's 44,000 conscripts.

At the same time, the bill aims to subject all citizens to conscription over a twenty-five-year period, and strengthens defenses on the French frontier by way of conciliating the pro-German Flemish elements.

Quickly, Belgium's Leftists raised the cry of militarism, while the Right wing of Rexists (Fascists), Flemish Catholics and Nationalists clamored for a complete withdrawal from the League of Nations, severance of the French alliance and a drastic armaments program.

Wide World

Leon Degrelle . . . threatened Brussels

"New Deal"—But moderate Premier Van Zeeland clung to his bill and defended it as a compromise between the demands of the warring factions, who threaten to wreck his "New Deal" system, whereby he hopes to revive Belgian industry and cautiously avoid international entanglements.

Of deep and immediate concern to his Cabinet's future is the militant attitude of the Rexists, whose leader, Leon Degrelle, threatened to march on Brussels "to sweep out the Van Zeeland Government and its corruption" and thus duplicate *Il Duce's* March on Rome fourteen years ago. Backed by the Socialist counter-menace,

European

Posters cry out for the support of the Rexists

the Premier found himself compelled to use police contingents in quelling the 5,000 marchers on the Capital.

While Belgium's move puzzled Europe's statesmen, French diplomats shook their heads and read in it a sinister blow to the system of collective security whereby they hope to conserve peace on the continent. Wily Frenchmen, however, have long suspected Belgium's drift away from their network of alliances, especially when Reichsfuehrer Hitler remilitarized the Rhine early this year and threw a scare into Belgian hearts.

Distrust—As if to confirm French suspicion, Foreign Minister Spaak stated that "the League of Nations has finally been put to the test and shown that its aims are too high. So it is impossible to base entirely on it Belgium's international status."

"Perhaps Ethiopia would still exist under the rule of the *Negus*," he remarked ironically, "if she had not placed her whole confidence in the League!"

Moscow likewise took a gloomy view of the situation and saw in it the disintegration of the French defense system and a victory for German and Italian diplomacy. The Netherlands, however, was moved to reenforce its own defenses, while even Switzerland, wedged in between the French, German and Italian frontiers, is preparing to strengthen her mountain defenses. On the heights of 13,669-high, snow-capped Jungfrau she is building a fortress equipped with heavy guns to belch fire at enemy planes.

From its gun bases on clear days Swiss artillerymen may take the range of targets as far away as the Vosges mountains in France and the Black Forest in Germany.

WHITHER YUGOSLAVIA? Premier's Trip Raises Question of Alliance With France or Italy

Unlike other Balkan history-makers, Yugoslav statesmen shoulder the double burden imposed by a tangle of regional nationalisms, clashing creeds and contrasting cultures, while seeking, at the same time, to iron out the country's equally confused international problems.

Last week, resolutely ignoring his many national cares, Premier Milan Stoyadinovitch hurriedly picked up a bulgy *dossier* and entrained for Angora, where he was scheduled for a lengthy conference with Kamal Ataturk, President of Turkey, and close friend of Soviet Russia.

Issue—His trip, following official discussions with other members of the Little and Balkan Ententes* and coinciding with the friendly visit of *Il Duce's* son-in-law and Foreign Minister, Count Galeazzo Ciano, with *Reichsfuehrer* Adolf Hitler, raised a weighty issue in European diplomacy:

Will Yugoslavia abandon her traditional pro-French, anti-Italian policy and cast her lot with the rising Fascist powers? Or, will she join Turkey, Czechoslavakia, England and France in an alliance with Soviet Russia and against the Fascist bloc?

A typical, athletically built Serb, Stoyadinovitch deftly parried these questions, blithely reaffirmed his country's loyalty to

*Yugoslavia is a member of both the Little Entente (with Czechoslovakia and Rumania) and the Balkan Entente (with Greece, Rumania and Turkey).

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both Ententes and stoutly voiced their determination to oppose the return of the Hapsburgs or revision of Balkan frontiers.

Policy—Tho in power only a little more than a year, he shrewdly veers his domestic policy to relieve the pressure of dictatorship, forced upon the country by iron-fisted King Alexander, who was assassinated two years ago. Preaching party peace at home, the Premier eased the tension between Yugoslavs and Italians by snubbing Bolshevik propagandists and encouraging trade with Italy.

With marked alacrity, however, he had pledged his Government to the sanctions imposed on Italy by the League of Nations during the Ethiopian war. Sanctions removed, he quickly sought to placate *Il Duce* by seeking to restore trade relations. Thus, he left the way open for driving a bargain on Yugoslavia's international realinement.

Keystone

Dr. Vladimir Matcheck (right) leads Croatian Peasant Party in demand for Provincial autonomy

Tactics—Biding his time, Stoyadinovitch sought to make political capital out of Rumania's repudiation of the pro-French policy of her veteran former Foreign Minister, Nicholas Titulescu, whose resignation enabled the Serb to curry favor with Hitler. Berlin, anxious to strengthen her commercial foothold in the Balkans, readily paved the way for releasing Rumanians' foreign credits by according them liberal terms.

Knowing that both Germany and Italy are close friends of Bulgaria, the Yugoslav statesman made a hasty bid for Sofia's friendship by openly backing King Boris's condemnation of terrorist organizations which infest the Bulgar-Yugoslav frontier in Macedonia.

Accused of opportunism by his political foes, Stoyadinovitch still clings to his checkmating tactics, for he banks on his Fascist friendship to prevent *Anschluss* (union of the Reich with Austria), on his Entente connections to insure armed neutrality in case of a European conflict and to offer stern opposition to all boundary changes in the Balkan Peninsula.

With consummate cunning, however, he keeps silent on Yugoslavia's tacit alinement with France, England and Czechoslovakia —avowed Soviet allies—against a combination of Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany.

Equally embroiled and ill-defined is his home strategy, for Yugoslavia's 15,000,000 citizens are members of many races (Serb, Croat, Bosnian, Montenegrin, Slovene, Dalmatian and Macedonian) and believers in many religious faiths (Greek Orthodox, Roman Catholic, Moslem).

Boycott—For years, while King Alexander ruled supreme by suspending the Constitution, the minorities resented the domination of the Serb military clique. Even when the Constitution was restored five years ago, Croats, Slovenes and other elements banded together and boycotted the *Skupshtina* (Parliament). To appease them, Dr. Vladimir Matcheck, leader of the Croatian Peasant Party, was released from jail, mostly on the plea of Prince Paul, one of the three Regents appointed to exercise royal prerogatives during the minority of thirteen-year-old Peter II.

Compromise—Striking a compromise, Premier Stoyadinovitch enabled the suppressed minorities to take part in Parliament and guaranteed them personal and political liberty. The opposition, led by Doctor Matcheck, quickly rallied its forces, but found itself offset by a Government coalition Cabinet embracing the Premier's own Serb Radicals, Bosnian Moslems and Slovene Clericals. With a generous gesture, the Government granted the *Banats* (Provinces) a large measure of autonomy, but stoutly opposed the full autonomy demanded for the Croats by the Croatian Peasant Party.

While parties are technically barred, Yugoslavia teems with political organizations ostensibly conforming with the law, which bars parties based on religious or regional divisions.

Thus, sternly opposed to the Government, are members of the Yugoslav National Union, forming the majority in Parliament, and openly supported by the two Fascist-minded Regents—Dr. Radenko Stankowitch and Dr. Ivan Perovitch.

WAR IN LIBERIA: Kru King Captured as Beaten Tribesmen Die in Jungle

Tom-toms throb no longer in the Liberian Kru country; but rot in the black shadows under giant ferns. The Kru villages are burned. The wretched ribby concubines of four-score slain chiefs are scattered in the jungle. Where their small owners, abandoned to leopard and python, crept under the jungle-damp shelter of fallen logs, mold bones of hundreds of tiny black children who will be neither warriors, wives nor concubines.

"The four-years' war against the Krus is nearly over," says Monrovia, Afro-American Capital of Liberia. For great King Nimley, last of the Kru leaders who since 1932 had defied the American-sponsored Republic, has been brought in a captive. Resistance has been shattered, peace restored, but at a price.

Half the army of 1,000 sent against Nimley is believed dead or wounded, twenty thousand Krus starved, mutilated, eaten; and thousands of other natives are scattered in the jungle at the mercy of always hungry beasts of prey.

Many have escaped. Whole Kru villages have fled across the hinterland frontier into French Guinea; but in Liberia the Kru power is broken. Afro-Americans, "peace-loving," according to U. S. Minister Lester W. Walter, recently home on vacation, are supreme.

Poison—Dependable testimony is rare in a land where the sass tree poison-cup is still the test of truth. The Krus felt, rightly or wrongly, that the Government was unjust to them; and revolted, setting up what amounted to an autonomous tribal State a hundred miles square between the Cess and the Grand Cess Rivers, between, also, the two Firestone rubber-plantations of 55,000 acres.

Too deep for the Krus was President Edwin J. Barclay's three-year plan of (1) improvement of the aborigines, (2) highway construction, (3) education and (4) scientific agriculture.

Forest and seafaring men they; their sole excursion into civilization being as crews, for a century, of the white man's coastwise ships through all the evolution from windjammer to oil-burner motorships.

More is known of the Kru revolt in England. To the House of Lords, Lord Frederick Dealty Lugard, D.S.O., former British High Commissioner to Northern Nigeria, now British member of the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League, burst out with a report as harrowing as, and slightly clearer than, the meager dispatches on the capture of Nimley, King.

"In July, 1932," intoned the noble Lord, "several Kru tribes had risen against the Government; but intertribal quarrels involving eighteen or twenty tribes had broken out and four tribes, comprising some 12,000 men, women and children, had been driven into the bush and were in a state of advanced starvation. The whole Kru Coast had become engaged in intertribal fighting instigated by the Liberian politicians. . . . Unrest had spread to the large settlements of Kru men in the British Colonies and on the Gold Coast, who were trying to smuggle arms and ammunition to

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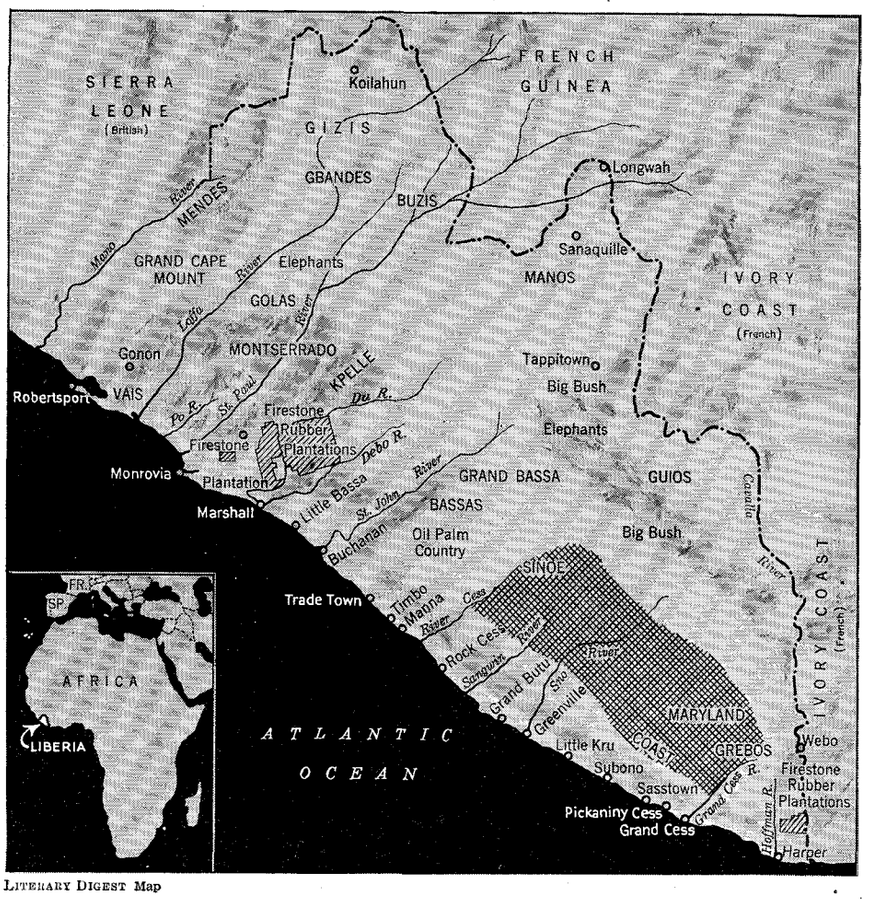


LITERARY DIGEST Map

Liberia: land of rubber, coffee, jungle warfare . . . and devil-dancers

their fellow tribesmen and were themselves anxious to join them."

Surrender—Truce ended the fighting for a time. The Krus surrendered 500 rifles in 1933. "In August," said Lord Lugard, "it appeared that the Liberian Government, having got the upper hand, next began a systematic abuse of the tribes . . . access to the sea, on which this seafaring, fishing tribe depends, was closed. . . . President Barclay . . . on his way to the interior . . . sent troops in advance to prepare for him, and they fired on villages and committed various outrages."

The head chief appealed to the League for intervention on the ground that he had already surrendered his arms.

"He is in a dilemma," lamented Lord Lugard. "The President will summon him upon arrival. If he refuses to come it will be regarded as reason for attack. If he obeys, he has reason to fear that he will be arrested as the other chiefs were, and perhaps share the fate of seventy-five chiefs—I am told the right number was eighty-four—who were executed in 1917."

Motive of the campaign against the Krus is clarified in a letter by Sir John Simon, former British Foreign Minister, to his Embassy in Washington for transmission to the State Department.

Retreat—"On the excuse of the alleged non-payment of taxes, what can only be described as a punitive expedition was dispatched from Monrovia to the Kru Coast . . . resulted in wanton destruction of villages, coupled with the driving of the tribal population into the bush," Sir John reported.

Little has been written of the war during the last two years. Announcement of its approaching conclusion with the capture of King Nimley describes it as "one of the most cruel ever fought in Africa."

A million and a half aboriginal natives in thirty-three hinterland tribes would be a problem to any English-speaking governing group of ten or twelve thousand, all the "Americo-Liberians" there are. Perhaps the war is not quite so black as the whites have painted it.

Meanwhile, war aside, Liberia, comparatively speaking, prospers. Five thousand blacks work the 7,500,000 Firestone rubber-trees "with no trouble." Government revenues are up 35 per cent. The agricultural section of President Barclay's three-year plan is expected to standardize the Liberian coffee-bean and introduce pineapple culture.

Civilization progresses slowly. Marriage in the bush is still simple payment, to her father, for a wife; and divorce is her return with a demand for money back. But masked devil-dancers wear ankle-flapping overalls under their fiber devil-skirts.

BABY-RACE HURDLE: Distant Relatives Seek to Break Ontario Will Offering $750,000 Prize

Where there's a will, there's a lawsuit.

Entrants in the Toronto Baby Derby may see their offspring gray-haired mothers and fathers themselves before the $750,000 prize is distributed. For the will of Charles Vance Millar, which offers this fortune to parents showing the greatest number of births ten years after his death (October 31, 1926), has a "Clause Nine."

Clause Nine, in the will of the bachelor who has been labeled a misogynist, rules out any heirs to his estate with the statement that he had no near relatives. His half-aunt's nephew and niece, however, are seeking to void Clause Nine. They contend it "is null and void on the ground that it is contrary to public policy . . . is scandalous and has encouraged and promoted a race or competition among women to bear children in order to obtain money, contrary to the welfare of the community."

The Province of Ontario, Premier Mitchell Hepburn swears, will fight in court to protect "these poor mothers and their babies." And the Government has the power to prevent will-breaking procedure by individuals.

Three Millar executors, in the meantime, stand by with the statement: "We're not interested in who wins this money; the Court (hearing the case November 6) will decide."

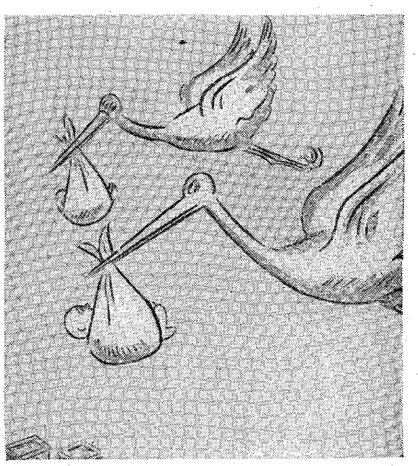
Death Rate—Entrants Mmes. Martin Kenny, John Nagle, Arthur Timelock, Grace Bagnato, Pauline Mae Clarke and Annie Smith believe they have satisfactory proofs of nine childbirths to substantiate their claims. But before their claims are settled, they may have time to wonder what manner of man was this bachelor Millar, who didn't even specify whether or not the children must live (22.5 per cent., three or four times Canada's infant mortality rate, died).

The Toronto *Daily Globe* describes Millar as a "*Scrooge* beyond the power of redemption. Study of his history reveals . . . a shrewd lawyer . . . a devotee of horse-racing and boating, a rich man with a penchant for practical jokes.

"But overshadowing this is the picture of a man jilted in love, embittered by such a fate. He fell in love with a young girl, but she turned him down . . . he never loved again."

To the Vancouver *Daily Province*, "the will seems to have been drawn up in a cynical attempt to jest with death, but it jested with more than that: with human hearts and human hopes; with women's lives and children's lives. . . . If, as seems possible now, a large part of the money . . . goes in lawyers' fees . . . the cruelty is accentuated."

Asked if the $750,000 would be paid over to the winner or divided by the Court before Christmas, one legal shark replied: "What Christmas?"



"I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THIS TORONTO BABY DERBY'S OVER—I'M WORN OUT!"

—Ed Reed in Detroit News

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Topics in Brief

In the school of experience you tell what grade you are in by counting the scars.—*Indianapolis News.*

All you can say for the brutality of Spain's warfare is that both sides seem to deserve it.—*Cleveland News.*

Not content with carrying chips on their shoulders, women are now wearing 'em on their heads.—*Washington Post.*

An astrologer announced he sees good times for every one, in the skies. Unfortunately, none of us lives there.—*Cincinnati Post.*

A visitor from Nippon says the Japanese are becoming intensely interested in American affairs. So are we. It may be a fad.—*Portland Oregonian.*

The line-up of the fighting Irish of Notre Dame starts off this year with the name O'Neill—probably to keep the franchise.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A neighbor who seeded a new lawn and sat up nights sprinkling the same is afraid he got hold of some of that Hoover grass.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

Haile Selassie is running around the Continent in a derby hat. So much for Il Duce's dream of introducing Ethiopia to the finer things.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

A Canadian electrical expert says television will keep the farm boys down on the farm. Not when they see how cute the city girls are.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Governmental interference with business may not be detrimental in some cases, but no one can deny that it ruined the kidnaping business.—*Washington Post.*

A Chicago museum expedition has revealed a bird that moos like a cow. But what the farmers are interested in is a cow that eats like a bird.—*Portland Press.*

Italy and Germany are taking dangerous chances by training child armies. Think of paying pensions to them for eighty or ninety years!—*Glendale (Calif.) News-Press.*

In several Pennsylvania towns the front tires of convicted speeders are painted yellow. This brands them as violators and makes a nice ad for a second-hand sedan.—*Detroit News.*

We trust Professor Moley will arrange to have the country informed of the precise moment when the WPA "folded-arms strike" starts late this month. It's going to be pretty easy to make a mistake, just looking on.—*Kansas City Star.*

An official of the American Automobile Association suggests that a girl try out her fiancé in a traffic jam before she takes the fatal step. A good idea, at that. If he drives with care and keeps his mind on his work, he doesn't love her much.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

Haile Selassie has received an offer to act in the movies. Probably in a film version of "Paradise Lost."—*Seattle Times.*

It won't be long till three or four universities have lost enough games to start deploring the overemphasis of college football.—*Life.*

Americanism: Demanding more efficiency in public business; electing officials who couldn't make a success of their own business.—*Savannah News.*

Mary Garden is probably right in insisting that singers shouldn't drink, but we'd be pretty well satisfied if drinkers didn't sing.—*Boston Herald.*

We withhold judgment on the authenticity of that New Jersey witch until we are informed what she bet on in the eighth race Saturday.—*Chicago Daily News.*

A Kansas City youth stole a fur coat to square himself with the girl friend. The least she can do now is bake him a cake with a saw in it.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Another thing that encourages transatlantic flights is the fact the flier knows that no matter where he comes down he will land on Page 1.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

Fascism was not under discussion in the days when Woodrow Wilson was Princeton's President. You may recall his effort to democratize the University. And he once said, "Unless I have entire power, how can I make this a democratic college?" Unless the President has entire power, how can he make this a Democratic nation?—*F.P.A. in New York Herald Tribune.*

Then there's the man who spent the summer in a trailer and came home and got lost in the living-room.—*Washington Post.*

Among the trouble areas on the European map, that red tack off by itself would be Trotzky in Norway.—*Portland Oregonian.*

An Eastern physician says spinach is not an essential item of food; that any one can live just as well without it. Well, any one but a humorist.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

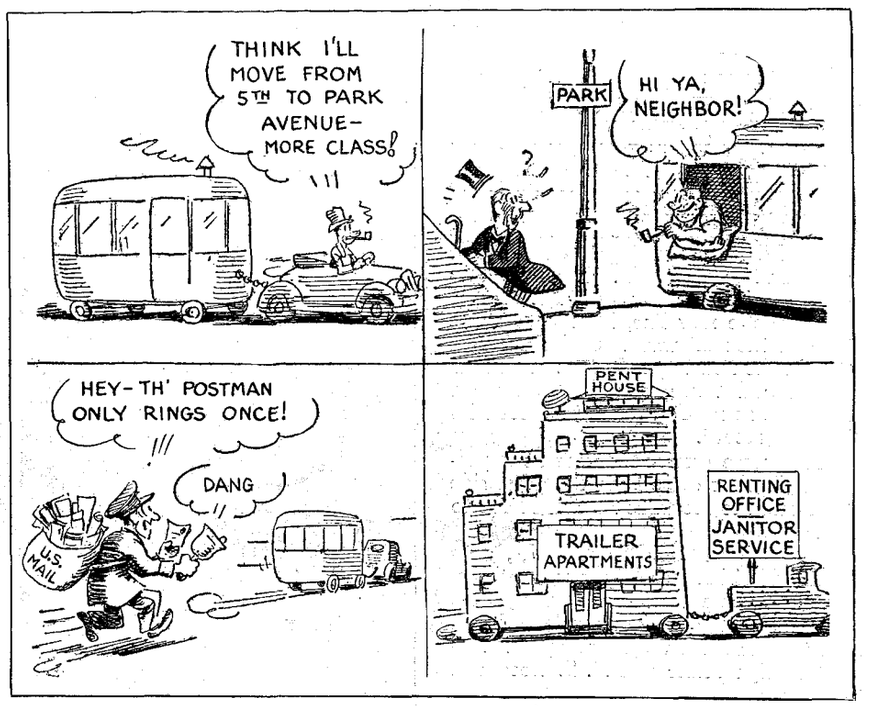
One of the Dionnes wept at hearing of *Mother Hubbard's* troubles. When the girls are older and stronger they may be shown a government cupboard.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

In addition to cotton, the Rust brothers' machine was found to have picked up trash, tho a cotton field would seem the last place to throw modern novels.—*Jackson (Miss.) News.*

The State Department's noble efforts to keep us out of the Spanish fray are very timely, as the frigate *Constitution* is in dry dock for a scraping and unavailable for the national defense.—*Detroit News.*

A swarm of bees about a Montana cottonwood baffled and beaten by the mass inertia of a grasshopper migration with which it collided somehow reminds one of Japan and China.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Altho we were interested to learn that the landing of Japanese marines has caused one Chinese war-lord to order a consignment of bullet-proof vests, we can't help wondering whether bullet-proof pants-seats wouldn't prove more serviceable in the long run.—*Boston Herald.*



HOME SWEET ACCESSORY

News Item:—"Man lives in motor-trailer parked in restricted residential zone. Court to decide question: 'Is a trailer a home or an accessory.'"

—Will B. Johnstone in New York World-Telegram

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CURTAIN RISES ON NEW CAR DESIGNS

Manufacturers Spend Millions to Capture Fancy of Buyers

Last week 41,201 automobile dealers, twenty-five passenger-car manufacturers, 439,000 wage-earners in the automobile industry sniffed the economic atmosphere, and whiffed the fragrance of prosperity. In 1937, they predicted, 1936's approximately 3,400,000 passenger-car sales will be amply exceeded.

In New York and Chicago plans went forward for the first public showings of the 1937 cars. The curtain was about to rise on America's premier industrial drama. On Armistice day, the National Automobile Show, sponsored by the Automobile Manufacturers' Association, will open in New York. Three days later, dealers will commence their equally important show in Chicago.

Other shows follow in cities throughout the country.

Mingling with the crowds at all will be agents for the manufacturers, listening, jotting down notes, viewing competitors' models, criticizing cars to hear the public comment; above all, sensing the buyer reaction to their own and competing lines.

In manufacturers' offices their reports will be read with excitement, dread, relief, triumph.

The New York and Chicago shows are to car-makers what the rising of the first-night curtain is to a play-producer. They can not know, until the public reaction is measured, whether the show will run, whether the car will sell.

In the industry there is a common saying, "The public is the real boss of the auto business."

Requisites — To sell, say experience-wise automobile men, a car must have (1) snappy, attractive style; (2) the best mechanical parts that can be assembled for the money; (3) good merchandising.

On all three features the industry has been concentrating to such good effect in the last five years that automobiles earned the reputation of leading the country out of depression.

For a month, Detroit has been Mecca to the auto dealers of the world.

Chrysler, Plymouth, De Soto and Dodge dealers held big meetings, viewing their new cars with admiration. Chevrolet dealers were arriving at the rate of 1,000 a day, sizing up the new line, leaving to make room for the next wave. Graham dealers admired the new Supercharger. The new Hudson and Terraplane were on view. Packard was making plans to exceed its 1936 sales record.

Hotels were crowded, rooms at a premium. Dealers came from the other side of the earth to see what 1937 will have to offer.

George Green and W. E. Larke, auto dealers of Brisbane and Sydney, Australia, spent thirty-one days on the way; were enthusiastic over the outlook for sales in their territories for the coming year. Another foreign dealer was E. S. Yocum of Bombay.

India will buy about 30,000 American cars in 1937, he predicts.

To their dealers, most automobile companies offer pep talks, courses in salesmanship, pointers as to the main new features of the cars, and tons of literature for distribution to prospects.

The country is divided into sales districts; in each district a sales manager; under him hundreds of dealers, whose problems are his problems.

When dealers are pleased and enthusiastic, manufacturers have won a good part of their battle.

Hence the previews, sales meetings, elaborate sales campaign plans.

But this is, after all, only part of the battle. The public must be pleased, too.

Gamble—Enormous sums are involved in this annual gamble for the public's fickle favor. Each year body-lines are changed, partly to improve the car, make it roomier, more comfortable, more economical, safer, and partly to keep up with the style.

The most trivial alteration may necessitate complete redesigning. This, in turn, requires purchase of new tools in the factory. A single set of new body-tools may cost $375,000 to $750,000. A set will be needed for each 30,000 to 50,000 cars manufactured.

Millions must be spent on tools by large-production manufacturers. This year one company alone, Chevrolet, spent $26,000,000 for retooling.

Car-bodies are made from flat sheets of special steel, malleable enough to permit drawing or squeezing into a variety of shapes. Giant presses mouth the sheets into shape between cast-steel jaws, bearing down with pressures of hundreds of tons. The tools that must be replaced with every change of design are these specially-shaped jaws.

To make all-steel tops for Hudsons and Terraplanes, the Hudson Motor Car Company last summer bought a press so huge that part of the factory roof was raised fifty feet to accommodate it. The jaws of this Gargantuan nut-cracker are eleven feet wide; the tools alone weigh fifteen tons.

© International

Delicate controls permit this Gargantuan press to form sheet steel into stream-lines

It performs only a single one of several hundred stamping operations required to fashion the body of a car.

Cold, rhythmic saurians of metal—these stamping-machines, thumping out bodies to delight the eyes of buyers in distant show-rooms. Behind them, scheming in machine-age studios that would delight an H. G. Wells, stand the designers, in whose brains the fashions in cars are born. Their motto: Be neither too far ahead of the procession nor too far behind. Companies whose cars are extremely styled lose money; motorists do not like to be conspicuous. Companies whose cars cling to fashions of last year may find themselves out of the running; motorists like annual change.

An apparent exception is Packard, which holds to traditional lines in both its twelve and eight-cylinder series. But Packard is not really an exception. Each year it subtly changes the contours of its cars. Only the characteristic shape of the radiator, a Packard trade-mark, remains the same.

The designing of a new car is no simple process.

"Isn't it beautiful!" exclaim visitors to the Automobile Show. To bring such gasps of delight, artists and sculptors design and model, down to the last minute details of door-handle, radiator grille and flowing stream-line.

Designing—Lawrence P. Fisher, Vice-President of General Motors Company in charge of style development, recently estimated that 30,000 hours are required to design each new model.

One man working alone, eight hours a day every day in the year, would need ten years to accomplish it.

No one man, of course, does it. Some companies employ free-lance artists to prepare original designs, painting them in full color.

From the original painting the design department of the company makes a small model; enlarges the accepted design by drawing full-scale cross-sections, and from these prepares a "mock-up": a full-size model of wood and metal, complete in detail.

More elaborate and costly is the process followed by companies that have their own design artists. A typical large company employs thirty creative artists, twelve sculptors, sixty expert clay-modelers and 500 expert wood-and-metal craftsmen for the task.

To keep the artists from unconsciously influencing each other, each kind of General Motors car is worked out in a separate room. Artists are not permitted to view one another's progress.

With little to work on but the wheel-base of the new car, and some idea of its general mechanical arrangement, the creative artists produce preliminary drawings. From files, desk-drawers, "out of the air," come sketches, rough drafts, design details. The new car gradually takes shape on paper.

Coloring—Conferences with engineers, executives, sales departments follow. The proposed design is modified until all are

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satisfied. It is then finished, painted in full color on canvas, twenty-four inches high, thirty inches long.

To the modeler goes the painting. With a sculptor's attention to detail he makes a little clay model, about two feet long, finishing it in color.

Then, more conferences. Executives scrutinize it with sales-wise eyes. Artists examine it for unpleasant high lights, bad reflections, awkward lines not detected in the original painting. The little model is altered again and again.

Upon a "buck," a wooden frame-work as big as a real car, modelers and sculptors then make a full-size reproduction of the model, using metal, wood, clay, glass and paint. They are guided partly by the original painting, partly by the small model, considerably by complete full-scale cross-section drawings on a blackboard.

When the full-size model is complete, engineers examine it finally to see whether proper arrangements have been made for mechanical parts; whether the seats provide enough space for driver and passengers; whether vision is obstructed.

At last, draftsmen reduce the model to engineering drawings, produce rolls of blueprints, send them to the factory. From these, engineers make a new, complicated jumble of models; wooden patterns for the steel tools that will stamp out the new bodies.

There are still to be selected materials, trimmings, fittings for the interior of the car. Colors must be chosen; a matter of serious concern. Records of sales in previous years are earnestly consulted.

Preferences — These show that buyers change their color preferences with the times. In dark depression years the somber colors were best sellers. Black led all others by a 50 per cent. margin, followed by blue, tan, dark green. Beginning last year, there was a decided swing to gayer hues. Blue vied with black. Metallic colors were popular. Maroon and outright red appeared on the sales lists.

Color preferences vary by regions, too. New Englanders prefer to be conservative. Black still is a leader in Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. Blue is stronger in New York. In the Southern States and California, blue, green, tan and maroon are preferred, with a sprinkling of yellow and red. In all sections, buyers of big, expensive cars are conservative, preferring black, quiet blues and greens. Inexpensive cars make a stronger call on the gayer color-pots.

The designers work years ahead. When the first 1937 cars reach the nation's highways, 1938's cars will already be in the hands of the clay-modelers and the mock-up makers. Cars for 1939 or later will be scrawling themselves across drawing-boards. Artists with eyes to the more distant future will be making furtive little sketches of the cars of 1946, or 2036.

Say designers: "Anybody can draw the 'car of to-morrow.' But designing next year's car is hard work."

Secrecy—Strenuous efforts are made by manufacturers to keep secret the appearance of their forthcoming models. Not until the cars are announced, just before the time of the annual shows, do other manufacturers learn officially how their competitors' products will look.

Actually, by grape-vine routes, news flies rapidly across Detroit. Seldom are manufacturers surprized. This underground information accounts for the curious unanimity with which a new gadget or style-twist may appear the same year on several makes of cars. A few years ago it was "knee action"; later, steel tops; last year the rounded nose. This year it is curved door-handles, wind-shield defrosters and a tendency toward horizontal lines on the radiator grille.

But no matter, say designers. This year's models are the most beautiful cars ever manufactured.

Details? They will be carefully guarded until the shows open. But from a few previews come these glimpses:

Buick: New stream-line treatment, new radiator grille of horizontal bars rising to the hood-line, edge-lighted instrument panel, increased horse-power.

Cadillac: All-steel body, improved steering, hypoid rear axle, increased horse-power, ride stabilizer.

Chevrolet: New diamond-crown speed-line styling, redesigned valve-in-head engine, improved hydraulic brakes; split wind-shield with chrome center-bar.

Cord: Front-drive, remote-control gear-shift, modernistic styling, disappearing head-lamps, dash-panel of stainless steel.

De Soto: New styling, with horizontal-barred radiator grille sweeping back along hood to form louvers, all-steel body, "rubber float" body-mountings, wider wind-shield.

Dodge: Wider fenders, new radiator grille featuring a vertical center section, flanked by horizontal bars; level floors, hypoid rear axle.

Graham: Metal panel in the color of the car dividing the vertical chrome radiator grille, skirted fenders contoured front and back almost exactly alike; "outboard springs" and "gyrolator" to eliminate side-sway.

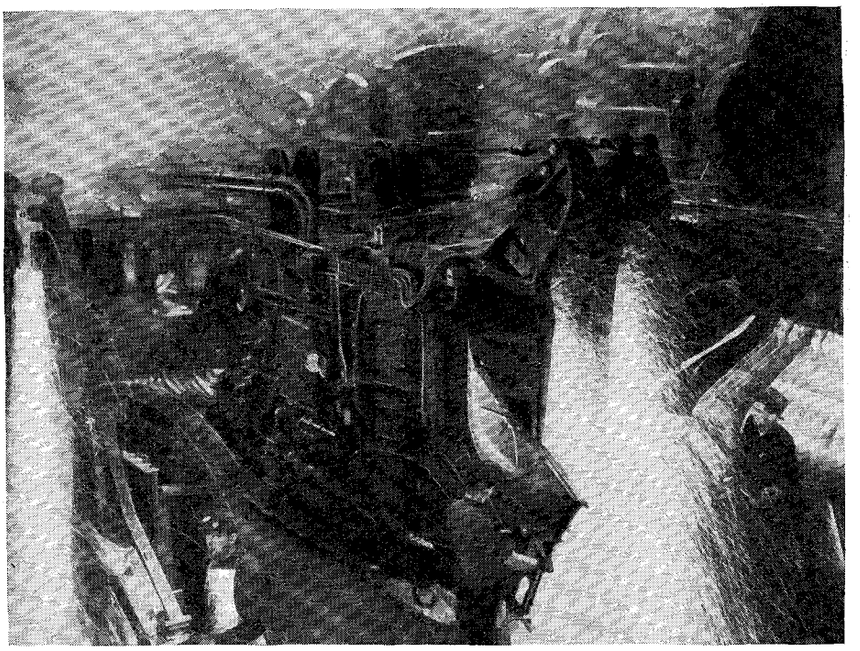
Hudson: All steel body, stainless steel radiator grille, selective gear-shift, new styling, wider doors, longer wheel-base.

Lafayette: — Horizontally-treated radiator grille, one-piece top, hand-brake on dash, ride stabilizer eliminating side-sway, new styling.

LaSalle: New styling includes a massive hood, tapering forward to a narrow grille, high fenders; new V-8 engine, longer wheel-base, all-wool upholstery.

Lincoln-Zephyr: New steering system, new frontal treatment with sharp-nosed radiator grille and flying wing ornament set off by horizontal strips of bright chromium, new type instrument panel.

Nash: New styling, floor tunnel eliminated, ride stabilizer, longer running-board, "sleeping-car" feature: back seat may be converted into a six-foot double bed.



Wide World

The giant "balloon" welder makes automobile bodies strong, safe units

Oldsmobile: New type of radiator grille treatment consisting of die-cast horizontal grille louvers in novel arrangement, bodies longer, lower, roomier, more engine power.

Packard: Characteristic Packard lines, with subtle styling to produce an effect in step with current trends, improved engines, more power, hydraulic brakes.

Plymouth: New styling includes long, low contours, vertical chrome-bar radiator grille, tear-drop head-lamps; new "outrigger" mountings, front seats widened three inches.

Pontiac: Retains the Silver Streak, with new body styling, new instrument panel, longer wheel-base, three-way adjustable driver's seat, all-steel body.

Studebaker: New horizontal-bar radiator grille, with five bars running back along hood toward the cowl; one-piece hood, hypoid rear axle, overdrive.

Terraplane: Wider, longer body, new styling; duo-automatic hydraulic brakes supplemented by a mechanical system, all-steel body, selective automatic-shift transmission.

Willys: All-steel body, standard tread, longer and wider body, double-action shock-absorbers, rubber-mounted engine.

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THE MEEK ARE SOMETIMES MURDEROUS

Psychiatrists Explain Causes of Childhood Hates Ruling Life

Beware of meek, mild-mannered *Caspar Milquetoasts*. They may be mere victims of suppressed hostility which, too long unrelieved, occasionally ends in a spell of murderous violence.

Last week mild-mannered, but by no means meek Dr. Ernest E. Hadley, psychiatrist of the Washington School of Psychiatry, told members of the American Institute of the City of New York the story of one such apparently subservient person, who had given most of her life in uncomplaining service of an invalid, but demanding, mother.

For more than eighteen years she had not gone to a movie theater, a concert or a party. She used to smile and explain that her work, and caring for her mother, were her recreation. For a while she went to church every Sunday, taught Sunday School, and played the organ for funerals and church services. Finally she quit even that.

One evening she blew up, whacked her mother over the head with an ax, and wound up in the penitentiary.

Unusual meekness may be just one way of suppressing hate. Another is excessive industry. Beware, for example, the tireless housekeeper.

Demon Housekeeper—Doctor Hadley told the story of a twenty-eight-year-old woman who suffered no end of discomfort if the slightest detail of her household was in disarray.

She was so devoted to cleanliness that she spent her entire day laboriously repeating each little operation. She had a feeling that something dreadful would happen if she didn't.

Recently she remembered how like her mother she was. Her mother had taught her early in life to be a demon housekeeper. "I have always been regimented," she complained bitterly to the doctor.

Pretty soon she began to have "murderous ideas"; they were often directed toward her mother. In terror she sought out a psychiatrist, hoping he would send her to an asylum to prevent her from carrying out her impulse. It was just another case of suppressed hostility, beginning in childhood.

In fact, that's when most of these "hostility patterns" start. A child may start out hating mother or nurses. The way he reacts to those hates establishes the way he will react to later ones.

Experienced nurses, says the psychiatrist, can tell whether a baby is an unwanted child by the way it reacts toward the mother, even in the first few hours of its life.

The mother's repulsion toward it is immediately sensed by the infant. To retaliate, it may refuse to feed.

Hate—In later life that kind of refusal reaction is carried over into a variety of situations.

The mother-hate may be carried into adult life, too, breaking out in unexpected situations.

One physician, whose practise brought him into frequent contact with parents and babies, placed all infants under his care on the bottle as early as possible. He refused to let them nurse because he was still suffering, unknowingly, from refusal to nurse. His mother had disliked him.

But he didn't recognize the cause of his reaction.

To explain it to parents, he had a fine-sounding theory about the necessity of weaning children early.

Young children who refuse to eat may be expressing hostility toward their parents, particularly when the foods refused are those the parent says are especially good. Later, that hostility may become crystallized into food idiosyncrasies. The grown-up can't eat certain foods; they make him sick.

What to do about it? Psychoanalysis sometimes helps. But adults who have chronic hostilities are in for a hard time, with little relief in sight. There is hope, tho, for youngsters, particularly if parents will take pains to find the causes for their antagonisms.

Liar—If a child lies, he should not be made to apologize. That only makes him hate the parent. The reason for not lying should be gently, clearly explained to him. If he doesn't eat, scolding will only make matters worse. Better get at the reason, if possible.

Doctor Hadley, born in Kansas, keenly digs for the reasons. He was a psychiatrist of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C., and for eight years an associate of Dr. William A. White, of Washington, who developed a theory that the mind can not be studied by itself; it must be dealt with in relation to the whole organism.

To Doctor Hadley and his colleagues in the Washington School of Psychiatry, now being organized, the problem is to study the mind in relation to the owner's contacts with other people. Mental disturbances, he believes, originate in faulty adjustments to others. So, for that matter, may physical disturbances.

There was, for instance, Mrs. Jones, who had extremely high blood pressure. The doctor discovered that Mrs. Jones and her husband were extremely hostile. With a few kind words Doctor Hadley settled their difficulties, and immediately Mrs. Jones's blood pressure returned to normal.

H. Armstrong Roberts

An unwanted child may refuse to eat

DINOSAUR MURALS: Utah Marsh-Land, Now Up-Tilted, Exposes 140-Million-Year-Old Fossils

One hundred and forty million years ago, when the West was a swampy marsh-land and the Rocky Mountains had not yet risen, ambling, lizard-like beasts browsed in the mucky bogs of what is now Utah, sank into the ooze, and left their stony skeletons to awe humanity.

Last week the world's premier dinosaur hunter, Dr. Barnum Brown, of the American Museum of Natural History, returned to New York from Utah to announce that tourists may soon see those bones, just as they have lain in rock for 140,000,000 years.

At the Dinosaur National Monument, near Vernal, Utah, the rising mountains tilted the old marsh-land up on edge. In it lie skeletons between the layers of stone, like flowers pressed between the pages of a book.

Nature's Art—The U. S. National Parks Service is now cutting out part of the hill and will erect a museum, one wall of which will be the fossil-bearing rock.

Experts of the American Museum of Natural History will then carefully chisel away some of the stone, leaving the huge skeletons in sculptured relief: legs as big as tree-trunks, tails twenty feet long, skulls like hogsheads.

Before Congress declared the site a National Monument, during the Wilson Administration, Museum excavators worked in the quarry fourteen years, removed seven car-loads of fossils. Untold numbers still remain; nobody knows how many dinosaurs lie buried in that rock.

SCIENCE SHORTS

Artificial Sun — Architects who wonder how much sunlight will enter proposed buildings at various times of day need ponder no longer. The Town Planning Studio of the Columbia University School of Architecture has devised an artificial sun, to test models. It looks like a spotlight; is called a *heliodon*.

* * *

Milk Vitamins—To cows at the West Virginia University, Professors L. M. Thurston, W. Carson Brown and R. B. Dustman fed two quarts of tomato juice daily, to see whether the Vitamin C content of their milk would increase. It did, but the milk tasted so bad they couldn't use it.

* * *

Foot Tester—Experts of the British Boot and Shoe Trade Association have developed an electrical machine that tells whether a woman customer should wear high heels. They are now working on a second machine to convince the woman.

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LEWIS DRIVE STIRS SENATE INQUIRY

Labor Leader Complains of Steel Mills' Counter Measures

With fanfare, John L. Lewis's Committee for Industrial Organization marched into the Pennsylvania steel towns last July, setting in motion a drive to organize the nation's 500,000 steel workers.

Last week, with tangible results of the drive still veiled in coal smoke, Senator Robert M. La Follette's Civil Liberties Committee read a letter from Philip Murray, who was directing C.I.O. activities from a Pittsburgh sky-scraper, and turned its investigators loose on steel-mill owners.

Murray's letter accused Ernest T. Weir, Chairman of the National Steel Company, of instituting a "campaign of terror . . . for the sole purpose of criminally assaulting and beating steel-workers who are attempting to organize into a union."

Acme

Philip Murray challenged . . .

No such picture of Mr. Weir was painted by Hugh S. Johnson, who recently rose to a stout defense of the steel executive. In his syndicated column, General Johnson insisted that if all employers were as enlightened as Mr. Weir, there never would have been a need for NRA.

Check-up—The Murray charges were forwarded to the La Follette Committee by Lee Pressman, flashing Harvard protégé of Felix Frankfurter, General Counsel for the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee. While he pleaded for the "full advantages of industrial and political democracy" for steel-workers, industry and labor attempted to check up on the Lewis campaign.

Steel organization executives counted about 4,000 dues-paying members and no more than 40,000 non-paying members.

"It's a natural failure," said the men who had sponsored a blast of newspaper advertising last summer announcing their determination to prevent coercion of their employees. "Steel-workers don't want to be organized."

Citing no statistics, the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, field unit of the C.I.O., smiled in satisfaction. They did claim that they had lured away half of the company union representatives through the efforts of 175 full-time organizers ($4 to $10 a day), fifty-seven part-time organizers, and 5,500 volunteer organizers.

Caution—Remembering the downfall of earlier attempts to organize the industry, they had approached the 1936 move cautiously and scientifically.

First, they armed themselves with a list of the former members of the now weak Amalgamated. Then, smooth-talking men, who know steel, know unions and know the central European types they have to talk to, began to organize small units, secretly. Organizers made use of picnics, mass meetings on non-company property, even radio talks. Distributing free literature is illegal in some steel towns, so the C.I.O. paper, *Steel Labor*, bears the imprint "Price Five Cents."

The tabloid reminds its readers of the Homestead "slaughter," it ridicules the steel "barons," it calls attention to steel's closed shop record, it alleges that steel profits have soared beyond wages, it capitalizes upon the sympathetic attitude of Pennsylvania's State Government toward labor, it emphasizes the wealthy backing of the United Mine Workers of America and other unions.

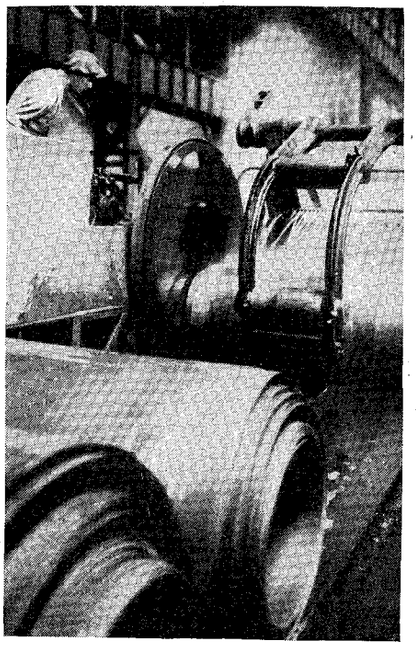
Developments—Finally, it holds forth the ultimate promise of victory through such glimpses as:

1. A 5 per cent. wage increase and union recognition granted 600 men and women on strike against the Hubbard & Company steel mill at Sharpsburg, Pennsylvania.

2. The desertion of 3,000 Carnegie Illinois mills employees from a company union in a body at South Chicago.

Steel executives counter with evidence that the men are now working forty hours a week for the first time in six years, automatically increasing pay-rolls. During the first half of the year they reported that total pay-rolls were $344,331,476, against $557,793,724 in all of last year.

With election smoke cleared away, the C.I.O. planned to meet next week and lay plans for extending the organization drive beyond steel into the automobile and rubber industries. Not only did they have employers to reckon with, but they must assuage American Federation of Labor leaders, who had repudiated them for challenging the traditional A.F.L. policy of organization along craft rather than industrial lines. That issue was moving toward a head-on clash at the annual Federation convention the following week in Tampa.



Steel production goes on

THREE STRIKES

In its second month, the strike against the Louisiana and Arkansas Railway took a nudist turn at Minden, Louisiana. Women strike-sympathizers stopped the northbound *Shreveporter*, stripped clothing from W. F. Salisbury, Chief Engineer of the road, slapped him roundly and chased him into the woods

Acme

. . . E. T. Weir was silent

* * *

When the strike-embroiled Remington-Rand Co. asked the Securities and Exchange Commission for permission to launch a $13,000,000 stock issue, union leaders protested vigorously. They contended that 5,000 of the 7,000 strikers are still out; "minor disturbances," was the Remington-Rand reply.

* * *

Both a closed shop and a preferential employment plan for union members were turned down last week by the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. as an old contract expired. Promptly, the Federation of Flat Glass Workers called a strike in six plants. The Paint and Varnish Makers' Union simultaneously stopped work, began picketing the company's Milwaukee paint plant.

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Drama

PIQUANT COMEDY: Four Stars Clown Hilariously in New Film, "Libeled Lady"

The cinema season's most piquant and daring comedy also is the funniest. It is "Libeled Lady," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production employing such audacious talent as Jean Harlow, William Powell, Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy.

Four scenarists, snickering in their sleeves, have peppered it with crisp and maliciously witty high comedy dialog, contrived hilarity out of such an ordinarily humdrum scene as one in a cafeteria.

Gag—This shows a man paying his lunch check to a blonde, brassy cashier. As he waits for change, he absently takes a thick handful of toothpicks from a glass.

"What are you going to do," she asks icily, "build a house?"

Thenceforward it becomes ninety minutes of almost incessant clowning with effective but subtle feints at the censors.

Plot—The story, an original by Wallace Sullivan, arises out of a true but long forgotten story in New York journalism. A high-pressure managing editor is so busy with a scandal-story he can not appear at his own wedding. He prints the story, is promptly sued for $5,000,000 by the girl involved. He discovers two dismaying matters as the suit is filed: (a) the story is not true, (b) the libeled woman is the daughter of a powerful business man who is deep in a feud with the editor's employer.

Frantic, to defeat the suit and save his own job, he hires a sleek and persuasive wanderer to compromise the woman who is suing. Unfortunately, the semigigolo and the girl become fond of each other and the editor is trapped in his own contrivance.

Matching the toothpick joke and others is a capitally funny trout-fishing scene in which the wanderer, seeking to impress the supposed victim of his wiles, actually catches a trout only to have it suddenly turn belligerent and pull him down-stream.

After the Hollywood preview, scores of fishermen wrote in to complain. Seriously, they denied a trout could pull a man down-stream, added that trout always swim up-stream. To these, but tactfully, the studio replied that trout have to swim down-stream sometimes, else they'd get to the headwaters and have no choice but to stay there. No fisherman replied to that.

Cast—The supporting cast has been chosen wisely, E. E. Clive playing especially well.

The four stars make a four-star film.

Critics—Preview reports from California were extravagant:

Hollywood Reporter: "Count on an hour and a half of almost continuous laughter . . . in a bubbling French-type farce, tailored in the smartest American mode, that sparkles and twists. And enough witty dialog to stock five ordinary comedies."

Hollywood Daily Variety: "Metro has nothing less than a knock-out comedy in 'Libeled Lady.'"

Four stars make a four-star film, "Libeled Lady": Powell, Harlow, Loy and Tracy

DEATH CELL: Scenarist Long in San Quentin Pictures Horrors of the Doomed

On Page One of newspapers coast to coast for months after the violent death of his wife, and three times thereafter during as many trials for murder, the name of David Lamson, former sales executive for the Stanford University Press, became as well known as any cinema star's.

Books and plays were written, arguing pointedly for or against his guilt. In the death-row at San Quentin, Lamson himself decided to write the story of the condemned men in the California prison. He wrote a book, "We Who Are About to Die." Shrewdly, he discussed his own case little, made much of human interest events within the condemned cells.

When a final trial resulted in his release, RKO engaged him to turn his story and the book into a motion-picture scenario. The completed film bears the same title as the book, but is much more powerful.

Propaganda—In it Mr. Lamson, with the trained aid of scenarist John Twist, accomplishes a motion-picture sermon inveighing against unscrupulous politicians, particularly as they may infest the Prosecutor's office, against the wickedness of circumstantial evidence and against police officials whose only thought is for conviction, regardless of truth and circumstance.

Ann Dvorak in "We Who Are About to Die"

It would be amazing if a man long caged in cells with condemned men, himself a stedfast declarer of his innocence, didn't take the opportunity the screen gives, and say his say vigorously, bitterly. Lamson and Twist have been wiser than that. They have deliberately kept away from the facts in the Lamson case and have concocted a virtual fiction plot for the film.

Grim—Wisely, too, the writers have avoided maudlin sentimentality. They use grimness effectively, the prison scenes are unusually factual.

The studio hopes that the uncompromising point of view of the picture, together with the stark reality of the prison shots, will act as a deterrent to youths contemplating crime.

Whole sequences are virtual invasions of the mind of a man sitting caged and helpless awaiting death. The terrors through which he passes are shown without any pulling of punches.

Reviewers—Preview critics applauded:

Hollywood Daily Variety: "It is a powerful drama and a great social document."

Hollywood Reporter: "On its merits as dramatic entertainment it will win considerable acclaim."

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Fashions

VELVET THE NEW QUEEN OF ELEGANCE

Material Sweeping Nation as Year-Round Favorite Material

Who won the election?

Neither Roosevelt nor Landon won the one conducted by America's style arbiters from California to Southampton. Velvet won it.

A new crush-resistant, non-wrinkling, packable, ultrafashionable velvet which is sweeping the country, last week was crowned "Queen of All-Year Materials."

And if there had been any doubt as to the outcome, Hollywood's unanimous vote turned the tide.

For filmdom's designers, who use tens of thousands of yards annually in motion-picture productions filmed the year round, there was no other fabric.

"The flattery and refinement of velvet is supplied by no other material," said Travis Banton, of Paramount Studios.

"The urge to velvet is a sign that this season is to be a glamourous one," agreed Royer, 20th Century Fox designer.

"Velvet is the epitome and symbol of elegance," added Walter Plunkett, RKO's head designer.

"No material is more effective than velvet, on or off the screen, because it absorbs light, has mystery in its depths and suits all moods," chimed in Orry Kelly, Warner Brothers stylist.

Presidential Note—But tho the fabric poll had nothing to do with politics, there was a distinct Presidential note to the *finale*.

When the stage of the Waldorf-Astoria's elaborate gold and flag-draped ballroom was transformed last week by the Executive Committee of the Velvet Ball and Débutante Election Cotillion into the famous Blue Room of the White House, New York's modish matrons posed and pirouetted in authentic velvet reproductions of the original inaugural gowns worn by America's First Ladies from Martha Washington to Lou Hoover.

Chosen for their beauty, grace and charm, Mrs. George B. St. George enacted the rôle of Martha Washington; Mrs. Leonard Cushing, Dolly Madison; Mrs. W. A. Irvin, Mary Todd Lincoln; Mrs. James V. Forrestal, Julia Dent Grant; Mrs. John H. Amen, the former Ruth Cleveland, represented her mother; Mrs. George U. Harris, Chairman of the Ball, the stately Edith Roosevelt, wife of Theodore Roosevelt; Mrs. Roy L. Atwood, Helen Taft; Mrs. Alex H. McLanahan, Edith Bolling Wilson; Mrs. W. R. K. Taylor, Grace Coolidge, and Mrs. Edward L. Tinker, Lou Henry Hoover.

All-American — Patriotism went further than the red, white and blue cotillion costumes worn by fashionable débutantes, for not a foreign frock appeared at the party.

The old-fashioned dresses were made by Helen Virginia Meyer, while ten leading New York creators of the mode designed the "trend gowns" inspired by them. Rose Adado executed the modern interpretation of Martha Washington's gown for Emily Stevens, a lineal descendant of Mrs. Washington; Bergdorf Goodman, the Dolly Madison trend for Eleanor Young; Bonwit Teller, the modern Mary Todd Lincoln frock for Rose Winslow, and Stein & Blaine the Julia Grant trend for Vivian Dixon.

Wendy Inglehart and Mrs. Preston, the former Mrs. Grover Cleveland, wore Hattie Carnegie's butterfly gown inspired by Mrs. Ruth Cleveland's inaugural costume. Frances Clyne did her version of Edith Roosevelt's gown for Mrs. William T. Wetmore; De Pinna, Helen Taft's for Nancy Adams Rumson, and Consuelo Villa, daughter of Count and Countess Villa, wore Jay-Thorpe's present-day idea of Edith Bolling Wilson's inauguration gown. Peggy Stevenson was the model for Milgrim's trend, and Mimi Richardson for a Saks-Fifth Avenue frock in the manner of the Hoover régime.

Orchids—As Honorary Chairman of the occasion, Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip summoned the crowned heads of American royalty to assist her in this annual undertaking for "sweet charity." Diamonds and orchids ran second to sartorial skill and beauty of face and form. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt distributed Cotillion favors, and dashing debs sang campaign songs, waving banners bearing quips from celebrated columnists.

A modern orchestra revived old melodies of the Presidential régimes from 1789 to 1933, as silver spoon-born scions of the Social Register cast their first ballots in a mock election to see which way the White House winds were blowing.

But the ballots that really counted were those cast for velvet. Scarcely a gown in the crowded ballroom was not made entirely of or lavishly trimmed with velvet.

The Persians, as far back as 2000 B.C., started the vogue for velvet, and from them the Arabs at El Fustade, near Cairo, took up the art of weaving the royal material. They passed it on to the Spaniards of Granada who traveled northward through Sicily into Italy in the sixteenth century, and then to France, where, to-day, in the *Musée Historique de Tissus* at Lyons, is one of the greatest collections of velvet in the world.

Anticipating the Coronation of King Edward of England in May, thousands of yards of new summer velvets are stocked and in readiness. Fabrics may come and fabrics may go, but apparently velvet goes on forever.

Oggiano-Frederick

Oggiano-Frederick

At Velvet Ball society displays inaugural gowns and their inspirations of the modern mode: (left) costume worn by Mary Todd Lincoln (1861) and its 1936 version; (next) Grace Coolidge's gown and its modern interpretation

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UNIVERSITY OF THE FUTURE ENVISIONED

Hutchins and Whitehead Debate Intellectual Vs. Vocational

Are the four years spent at college wasted?

Around that question—the question of what system of higher learning is ideal for the United States—has raged a controversy which has filled dozens of books, kept pedagogs in a stew of accusation and defense for generations.

On one side, are those resolute critics who think American universities, with their accent on vocationalism, have sunk to the level of trade schools, using cook-book methods of instruction, and who urge a return to pure intellectualism.

On the other, vastly in the majority, are those who defend the current system as best, on the ground that it serves the usefulness of the community.

Most distinguished defender of the latter cause is Dr. Alfred North Whitehead, Harvard's world-famed Professor of Philosophy, whose philosophico-mathematical concept of knowledge is said to be the most revolutionary since Newton's.

Taking up velvety cudgels of defense in the September number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, silver-haired Professor Whitehead said that it was "midsummer madness on the part of universities to withdraw themselves from the closest contact with vocational practises."

Modernist—No. 1 exponent of the reform theory is Dr. Robert Maynard Hutchins, lean, handsome President of the University of Chicago. Resigning as Dean of the Yale Law School in 1929 at only thirty, Doctor Hutchins rolled west to the staid Midway campus on a self-made wave of liberalism, squeezed seventy-three departmental budgets into nine, and took professorial breaths away by thoroughly revamping teaching methods.

To Professor Whitehead in the November issue of the same magazine, Doctor Hutchins made a remarkable rebuttal.

Chief revelation of the debate: Doctor Hutchins heartily espouses Professor Whitehead's attachment to idealized vocationalism, but believes that only a Whitehead or a Socrates is competent to make it part of the cultural goal he has set.

For Hutchins's partizans, the same day produced a greater treat. Released for publication was his eagerly-awaited "The Higher Learning In America" (New Haven: Yale University Press; $2). Last week, this masterly dissertation on American collegiate education became almost required reading on Yale's campus, where rumor persisted that the young Chicago University President would return to succeed James Rowland Angell, who may retire as President next spring.

Verdict—Before the week was out fears of conservatives that Doctor Hutchins might come back to tear out there the few remaining props of the old theological brand of scholasticism were somewhat assuaged, as the *Yale Daily News* reprinted from Chicago's semiweekly *Maroon* this comment from Doctor Hutchins:

"Compared with the University of Chicago, Yale is a boys' finishing school. And it would take any one a long time to raise it to the Chicago level."

Notman from Macmillan Co.

Prof. Whitehead, defender of colleges

Doctor Hutchins's learned treatise points a return to Greek metaphysics, or a study of the fundamental principles of all knowledge. In this way, he would intellectually unify the various branches of learning into one cooperative whole.

To do this, he maintains, would necessitate cutting out all purely vocational training from the college curricula, since the diversity of practical knowledge is the chief cause of pedagogical disorder.

Thus, he argues, from the point-of-view of an education for an American plumber, Archimedes's Principle* should be studied with its social and historical implications as well as the construction of a bathtub drain. Chances are, if he studied the drain (*i.e.*, the trade-school) approach, by the time he came out in the world, new sorts of drains would have antiquated his knowledge. But Archimedes's Principle, which applies to all drains, no matter how constructed, could not be outdated.

*Archimedes (287-212 B.C.), Greek mathematician and inventor, stepped into a public bath one day, discovered that a body immersed in a fluid displaces its own volume, ran home naked through the streets of Syracuse, shouting *"eureka!"* (I have found it).

Acme

Dr. Hutchins, revamper of education

Methods — Universities have always been concerned with garnering or teaching knowledge. Their methods of organizing and presenting knowledge may be divided into (a) the aforementioned metaphysical approach; (b) the theological approach, knowledge unified by faith in God rather than a thirst for the truth; and (c) the utilitarian approach, chief characteristic of vocationalized American education.

Approach—Doctor Hutchins points out that the only alternative to-day for the utilitarian approach is the metaphysical approach, since a theologically-framed education implies a solid popular belief in that theology.

"The medieval university had a principle of unity," writes Doctor Hutchins, referring to such centers of culture as the University of Paris (founded about 1150 A.D.), which was the model for most early European universities.

"This principle of unity was theology. The medieval theologians had worked out an elaborate statement in due proportion and emphasis of the truths relating to man and God, man and man, and man and nature."

Koranish and Talmudic colleges succeed to-day in the theological approach, as did the European universities until the Cartesian revolution gradually destroyed popular theological acceptance with reason, because their pupils are willing to accept the premises of their particular theology.

Program—To build the frame-work for his ideal university, Doctor Hutchins proposes a three-point program for, say, 1950:

1. Eliminate the first two years of the present four-year college program. Substitute for them a junior college education which would start with the junior year in high school, end at the close of the present college sophomore year.

2. Carry regular college education one year further to a three-year course in higher learning. "The student beginning with his junior year would study metaphysics, the science of first principles. He would study social sciences, which are practical sciences, dealing with the relations of man and man. He would study natural sciences, which is the science of man and nature. He would study all three categories in relation to one another. The student would study them without any vocational aim; that is, the subject matter would be the same for those planning to enter a learned profession, and those who were not.

3. Finally, eliminate all professional schools which teach simply commercial practises without the great tradition of learning which characterizes any true profession. Vocational training in trades would be pursued elsewhere.

The modern university is compared by Doctor Hutchins to an encyclopedia. He says: "The encyclopedia contains many truths. But its unity can be found only in its alphabetical arrangement. The university is in much the same case. It has departments running from art to zoology; but neither the students nor the

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professors know what is the relation of one departmental truth to another, or what the relation of departmental truths to those in the domain of another may be. . . ."

The pressure of the practical, Doctor Hutchins continues, appears everywhere in our educational system. Result: trivialization. Courses on how to drive an automobile have lately appeared in a Midwestern University, and, he adds, the newspapers report an effort to institute courses in bicycle riding in the public schools.

"These," he points out, "are simply two of the most recent instances of the general trend of American education. It is so full of action that thought seems fated to disappear from it. The danger of the American universities is not celibacy, but polygamy. They are mated to so many different kinds of action that nothing but a few divorces can save them from the consequences of their ardor. . . ."

But his university of the future, says the young educator, is wholly and completely intellectual, and, as such, the only kind of university worth having. He is convinced that it will accomplish greater political and professional results than one devoted to current events or vocational training.

Purposes—"In a university like this," Doctor Hutchins adds, "it should be possible to get an education; it is possible to get one in no other way, for in no other way can the world of thought be presented as a comprehensible whole.

"I should insist that a university is concerned with thought and that the collection of information, historical or current, had no place in it except as such data may illustrate or confirm principles or assist in their development. . . ."

Doctor Hutchins is firm in his belief that if the country is not prepared to believe these things, it can get what it wants through the technical and research institutes he recommends apart from the universities. They would be so planned, he states, as to draw off empiricism and vocationalism which, he feels, have been strangling higher education, and to leave them free to do their intellectual job.

"Metaphysics," writes Doctor Hutchins in conclusion, ". . . as the highest science, ordered the thought of the Greek world as theology ordered that of the middle ages. One or the other must be called upon to order the thought of modern times. . . . Without theology or metaphysics, a unified university can not exist."

"If we can revitalize metaphysics and restore it to its place in the higher learning, we may be able to establish rational order in the modern world, as well as in the universities."

CO-ED COOK: Preparing 900 Meals Daily Impedes Her Path to Home Economics Degree

Yearning to study dietetics, Anna Lee Berry, slim, brown-haired Burlington, Kansas girl, landed, twenty-one and penniless, in neighboring Manhattan, seat of Kansas State College, one bleak February day in 1931, got a job in a town hospital kitchen which provided her room and board.

By September she had found a twenty-five-cents-an-hour ($30 a month) job in the college cafeteria, had enrolled in the Division of Home Economics. Renting two sparsely furnished rooms, she cooked

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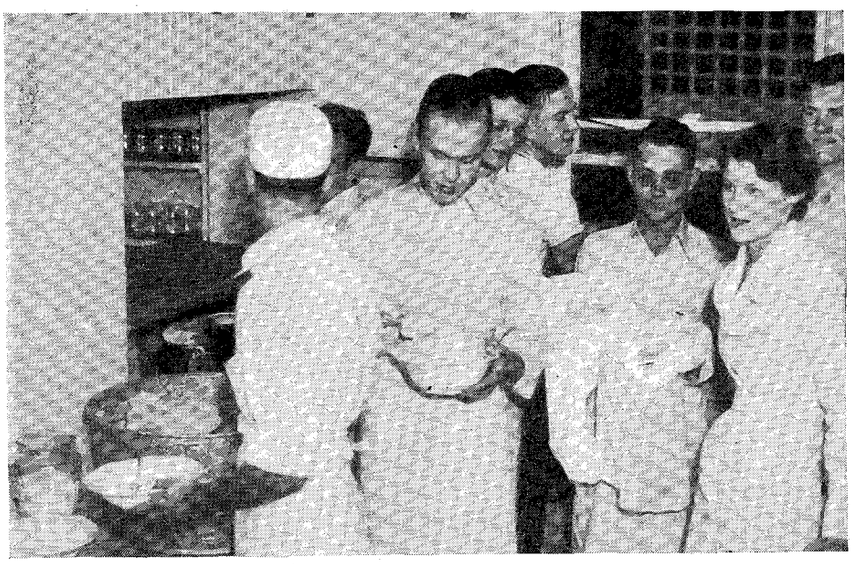
her own meals, took in two poor boy student boarders, who turned over their monthly food allowance of $7.50 in return for two squares a day.

Last week, Anna Lee ("Mom") served 900 meals daily to 300 Kansas State students, peeped from behind pots and pans in her spick and span white frame home a block below the campus buildings to chuckle over newspaper accounts revealing her rôle as the nation's combined première college town boarding-house-keeper and prize home-economics student.

Cooking a Degree—For the last five years she has literally cooked her way toward a B.S. degree, tho its award has been delayed until next spring, because, ironically, she has been unable to find time in four years to fill the required semester of "practical experience" in the women's dormitory. She is taking nine semester-hours of work this term, but is in classes thirteen hours a week. At no time has her scholastic average fallen below a B.



"Mom" Berry, co-ed at Kansas State College, does the cooking in her tiny kitchen, her student helpers serve . . . 900 meals daily

Daughter of an Aliceville, Kansas, bank cashier, "Mom" went through grade and high school in Burlington, taught school for three years in near-by Le Roy.

Recovering from a two-year siege of sleeping sickness, she one day decided her natural bent for cooking was being wasted, struck out for Kansas State.

Pocketing the $15 stake of her first two boarders, she squared her slender shoulders, schemed how to make one dollar do the work of two. Her "home ec" courses helped. Between kitchen and lectures she snatched moments of study.

Lured by fragrant cooking odors and campus-tales of good, cheap food, other students cried, "Me too!" That year, she fed thirteen at $7.50 a month.

A year after her arrival in Manhattan she had to seek larger quarters in a four-room frame house which she bought last year for $2,000 and to-day is worth $5,000.

But she had little furniture then and dishes were scarce. The boarders—thirty-five of them—each day carried up the front steps chairs, knives, forks, plates, glasses, other furnishings.

Boom—Business boomed. In the school year, 1933-34, boarders numbered eighty-five; the next year, 110; last year, 250. With school's opening this fall, "Mom" tried to feed 400 boys, had to drop 100. Until last week, she had done all the cooking alone.

The secret of her success is attributed to shrewd buying and an unusual ability to manage the sixty-six boy students who help her. In return for each hour's work at waiting table, dishwashing or "readying up" the dining-room and kitchen, they get one meal. Her meals cost $10 a month.

She spreads the work around among boys who need assistance to get through school. She acts as banker for them, too; gladly extends credit for long terms (has lost money only four times) and gives two informal dances for them each year.

Thus, at a price of only 13⅜ cents a meal, she is able to feed 300 of the 2,600 boy* students at the college and make a profit. Thrice daily, they file into the dining-room in relays of sixty-six, after waiting their turns in the glass-enclosed porch.

From Monday to Saturday daily they consume 200 pounds of potatoes, seventy-two loaves of bread, seventy-five pounds of butter, twelve gallons of milk, ten gallons of hot chocolate, seventy-eight pounds of beefsteak, thirty-seven pounds of beans and five gallons of coffee.

To run her business efficiently, "Mom" tumbles out of bed at 4 A. M., quickly dresses in trim white. By 10 A. M. breakfast is over, sixty-five pies are out of the gas-ovens, and the "home ec" student's smart campus clothes replace the uniform of boarding-house-keeper. At 11:15 she is home again, returning to class at 1; at 5, once more in her kitchen.

Sabbath—"I had to cut out the Sunday work; seven days of it was too much," she told the Kansas City *Star* last week. "I realize that God was right when he commanded that we might work six days in a week, but on the seventh we must rest. So, on Sundays I don't even cook for myself.

"I occupy this house all alone, not even a servant, and on Sunday morning I don't eat breakfast. I lie in bed and rest."

*Manhattan's star "cordon bleu" will serve only boys, insists they are "more congenial, easier to please and better in general" than girls. "I require that because I will have only one type of young man in my home," she said. "He must have the very best sort of family background. If the wrong type of young man gets in here by mistake he remains only until I discover him. Then out he goes. But I don't have much trouble on that score. My 300 boys are honest."

Motorist—Perhaps on Sunday afternoon she may take a spin in her shiny new coupé, her sole amusement. She buys a new machine every year, spends the summer holidays in them in tours up and down the nation's highways.

Something of a lone wolf, she lives and travels alone since her divorce last year from Stanley Brubaker, a railway man she married several years ago. With several thousand dollars in the bank, she admits she likes to make money, spend it on herself.

Whether she'll continue with the business after getting her degree has been undecided. In any case, she'll be one of the few students in the country to get a degree for something they've previously made money at.

Last week, she warned prospective imitators:

"I wouldn't advise any other college girl to attempt it unless she has excellent health and is willing to work sixteen-eighteen hours daily. She needs a lot of faith in human nature and must be a good mixer at all times."

Religion

SIGN-WORSHIP: Thirty Thousand Deaf Mutes Hold Weekly Services in Silence

Wrapped in their thrall of eternal silence, 30,000 of the nation's 90,000 deaf-mutes shuffle up the steps of Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jewish houses of worship every Sunday, attend impressive services entirely conducted in sign-language.

The Protestant Episcopal church was the pioneer organizer in providing religious facilities for deaf-mutes. From a Bible class for adult deaf-mutes, organized in 1850 in New York, this denomination's work has grown to encompass churches devoted solely to 4,500 deaf-mutes in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, and 200 large and small mission branches throughout the United States.

Organized in 1872, the Protestant Episcopal Church's Mission to Deaf Mutes directs the silent evangelism of all these centers. Last week, officers of the mission board held a sign-language conference in one of its branches, Philadelphia's All Souls Church for Deaf Mutes, "discussed" financial backing for 1937, laid plans for a $30,000 scholarship fund to educate deaf-youths for the ministry.

Godfather—As in many another year, the session opened and closed with a tribute to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, godfather of infant churches for deaf-mutes.

Learning the sign-language at his deaf-mute mother's knee, Gallaudet grew up with a deep compassion for these afflicted folk, entered the Episcopal priesthood to devote his life to them. His pioneer Bible class, organized in down-town New York's St. Stephen's Church, flowered soon after into St. Ann's Chapel, which he established farther up-town.

Oasis of quiet and understanding for deaf-mutes throughout the noisy metropolis, the church moved in 1897 farther north to a modern building with chapel, entertainment auditorium, print-shop, kitchen

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and club-rooms, became No. 1 sanctuary of its kind in the United States, as well as headquarters for the mission administration.

The forty-year-old Rev. Guilbert C. Braddock is the present Vicar of St. Ann's. Dark-haired son of an Ouray, Colorado, miner, the Rev. Mr. Braddock was made deaf by scarlet fever at four. Privately tutored in lip-reading and sign-language, he progressed rapidly through the Colorado School for the Deaf and Blind at Colorado Springs and Gallaudet College for the Deaf (the only one of its kind) in Washington, D. C.

Study—Impelled by his interest in St. Ann's services to the deaf, young Braddock spent evenings after clerical work in a New York

The Rev. G. C. Braddock, leader of the deaf

office studying for the ministry, ranked high in final examinations, was ordained and made assistant at the pioneer church in 1925. Five years later he became its pastor.

Regarded with a patriarchal devotion by his nimble-fingered flock, he is their financial and domestic, as well as spiritual, adviser; he "converses" with them in English, German, French and Spanish.

The Rev. Mr. Braddock's parish extends across the Jersey Meadows to Newark and Union City, up the Passaic River to Paterson, and across the East River to Brooklyn. Six other churches in the Metropolitan area receive occasional visits.

'Neath St. Ann's dark-beamed ceiling last Sunday, 300 pairs of mobile hands abruptly ceased vivid conversations in sign-language as through a side door marched the choir of five white-surpliced girl mutes followed by Mr. Braddock and an altar-boy carrying the gold cross.

All eyes followed the pastor to the altar, where specially-focused lights illumined his fingers flying through the Anglican ritual.

Behind him glowed a warmly-colored altar painting of special meaning to his devout flock. In it, the haloed Christ, with his fingers on the ear of a kneeling deaf-mute, heals him (Mark VII:32-35).

Gestured Hymns—When the choir rose to "sing," no organ swells vibrated through the carpeted floor, no clear sweet notes floated through the Sunday morning air. Rhythm and music were transmitted to the attentive worshipers through measured gestures and graceful fingers forming the words of favorite hymns.

No rumble of mixed voices repeated the Apostles' Creed and Lord's Prayer, but flexible hands eloquently expressed their meaning.

"The Lord be with you," quoted the minister.

"And with thy spirit," 3,000 fingers flashed back.

Then followed the day's special prayer, according to custom, and a cheering sermon adhering closely to Biblical text and emphasizing Christ's promise of spiritual help for the afflicted.

Another hymn from the choir, a benediction with upraised hand by the pastor, and the service ended. Fingers darted back and forth again as the congregation moved softly up the aisles and out into the bright October sunshine.

Talking with their hands instead of their mouths scarcely retards the conversation of these deaf-mutes. They can gesticulate the Lord's Prayer or "Rock of Ages" almost as rapidly as normal people can enunciate them. Their lightning-like movements in communication are as incredible to watch as the racing fingers of a Paderewski or a Kreisler.

Whole phrases are telescoped into a single sweep of the hand or twist of the fingers. They do not, contrary to popular impression, laboriously spell out each word by the alphabetical finger picturizations familiar to schoolchildren, tho these form part of their large complicated vocabulary.

On week-days too, little groups of St. Ann's parishioners make their silent way to the church, hold merry discussions of literature, tell stories, give readings, recite poems, "sing," show their pleasure by vivid facial and manual expressions.

Occasionally, they gather evenings to enjoy soundless dramatic productions by talented members. Plays have included several by Shakespeare, and "Cyrano de Bergerac," "The School for Scandal" and "The Mikado."

Roman Catholics have taken up the trail blazed by the Episcopalians in facilitating religious participation for their 25,000 deaf. About half of these, authorities estimate, have lost the faith to which they were born because they were not helped to understand it, but ninety priests are now preparing to help the forty-seven now preaching in sign-language.

Jewish Mutes—In six communities, worship is made easier for 2,500 Jewish deaf-mutes: New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Manhattan's Temple Beth-El claims 400 members.

In Toronto, Ontario, the Church of the Deaf, maintained by the United Church, is the only institution of its kind in the city, altho Roman Catholic mutes meet Sundays in Loretto Abbey.

The church, which originated in 1885, today sends volunteer missionaries to seventeen branches throughout Ontario.

Cheered by reports from the Philadelphia meeting, deaf-mute pastors last week continued their mission work like the circuit-riders of pioneer days. With them they carried this creed:

"In spite of all theories of things as they ought to be, we must recognize the fact that the deaf, for important purposes, segregate themselves. The bond of a common affliction and a common language is a strong tie."

Many people tried it last fall and are doing it again —*building general resistance now for winter months ahead!*

Last year they may have been doubtful. This year they're *convinced* that it pays. Instead of doing nothing about common, winter hazards, they are making use of new facts to help *avoid* discomforts.

These winter conditions, as you know, are not confined to any special month. Any time after early fall, you're likely to get them. But in January and February they reach their peak—when your general resistance is likely to be low.

That's why people are learning to take precautions in *advance* of the "peak months." They've found it is sensible to use some resistance-building measure *as a regular routine every day.*

Many use *Adex.* It helps build up a reserve of Vitamin A, the factor which is a definite aid toward good general resistance. Adex also supplies extra Vitamin D with its special "sunshine" benefits. Both vitamins come from natural sources, like good cod and halibut liver oil.

Why not try Adex this winter for comfort's sake? Put a bottle on the breakfast table. Its use *every day* is important.

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IRELAND'S TREASURE: BOOK OF KELLS

Dr. Broderick Plans to Make Known Free State's Valuable Relic

John Carroll Broderick, whose Gaelic name reads Sean Cearbhall U'a Bruadair, is over sixty, energetic, American and hopeful of completing an enormous, painstaking task. He has appointed himself a committee of one to make Ireland's treasure, the Book of Kells, known to the world.

The illuminated manuscript, which is one of the Free State's most valuable relics of antiquity, records the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, the oldest recorded genealogy of Christ, and records of land grants by an Irish king to the Abbey of Kells.

Tour—Doctor Broderick, who for the last few years has devoted himself to a study of Irish art and literature, last week started a lecture tour that will take him through this country and Canada. His talks will acquaint audiences with the legend of the Book of Kells and the beauty of the illuminated manuscript. He will display his transcriptions, which are exact copies of the original, and probably the only twentieth century attempt at illuminated manuscripts. From the funds from the lectures he will have 500 copies of his transcription published, which he will give to libraries in key cities throughout America, so that Irish-Americans who haven't the opportunity of visiting the land of their heritage may study its glorious art.

All sorts of discouragements, including an ancient curse, have not deterred the rugged scholar from his determination. A year ago last June, Doctor Broderick sent out a letter addressed to "book lovers of the Western World," telling them the history of the manuscript and his intention to make it deathless as well as more widely appreciated. He selected students of literature, librarians and scholars to tell of his plan, but they were far from cordial in their first response. Most of them wanted to know how much it would cost before they became enthusiastic.

Request—Then he wrote to Trinity College in Dublin, where the Book of Kells has been the chief treasure of the University Library since 1661, when James I willed it to the college along with other treasures relating to the Church of England. Doctor Broderick explained his plans to the University heads, asked permission to work on the book at length, using an ultraviolet ray reading-glass which would insure faithfulness in his recreation of the masterpiece. He pointed out that the reading-glass would enable him to read parts of the manuscript that had been obliterated by age and handling, making his copy in a way more complete than the original.

He wrote his request in May, 1935. The following November he received his answer —No. With an additional paragraph refusing to allow him to use his reading-glass. This, to his inherited Irish enthusiasm, was encouraging. The amplified refusal seemed less final than a simple "No." So he packed his luggage, embarked for Ireland, and arrived in Dublin in June.

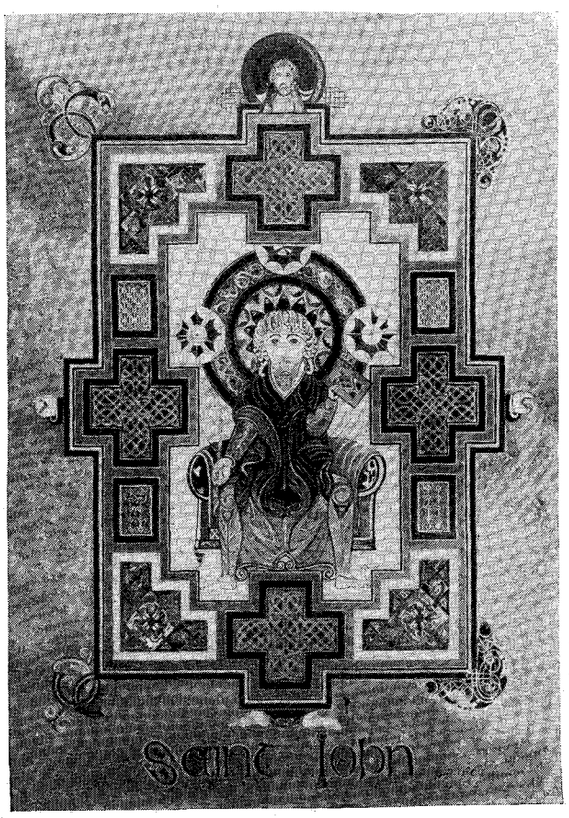
Permission—Without wasting a minute, he went directly to see the Head Librarian, Dr. William Smiley, with whom he had corresponded, and his assistant, a quiet, timid five-footer, John Hanna. Doctor Broderick unrolled sample pages of his book that he had made as best he could, from photographs. Then he told them of his plan to make the Book of Kells well known and appreciated.

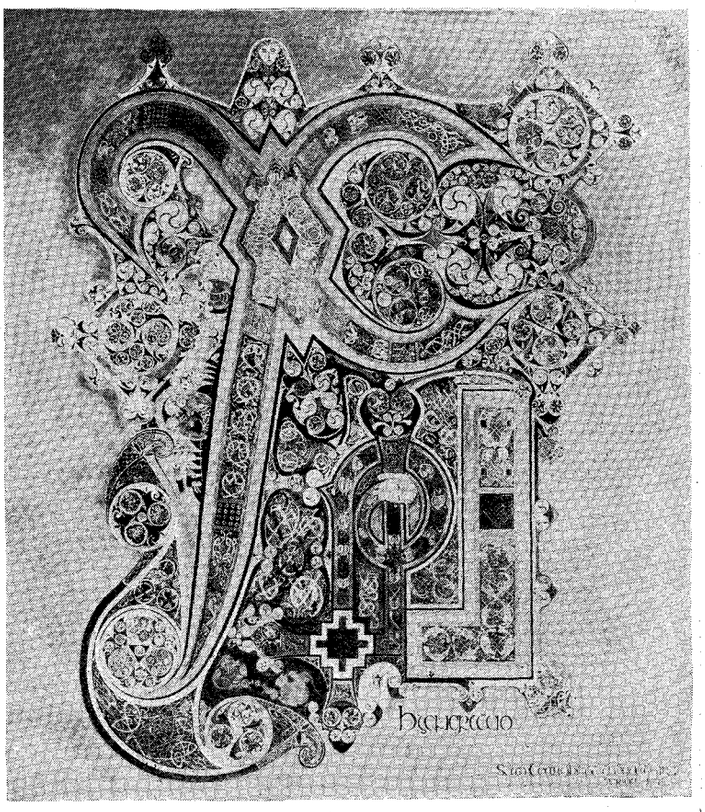
His heart sank when, after viewing his work, Doctor Smiley bowed coldly and walked out, with Hanna trailing him like a diminutive shadow. He says he stood there feeling the complete fool.

But as he rolled up his drawings, his hands trembling so with nervousness and disappointment that he couldn't tie the folders, he felt a hand steadying his. He looked up, and there was little Hanna. Without a word, he led Broderick down a long corridor while Broderick thought: "Oh Lord, they're going to *throw* me out." At the end of the passage there was a case, opened, and in it was the Book of Kells. Little Hanna removed the book, propped it up on a table and asked the doctor where it would be convenient for him to work.

Recreation—Through interruptions caused by tourists, Doctor Broderick worked away at his patience-trying task. Pages that were in good condition he had photographed, to copy at a later date when he had more leisure. The others he recreated with the original before him. On many of the pages which are most profusely illustrated he had to make his own estimates of what the colors were originally, because they had been scraped off.

The thick paint and gold leaf that had originally been used by the monks had gone to cure numberless ailing during the middle ages. It was the medieval belief that the beautiful work that went into such manuscripts, the delicate scrolls and intricate tracings, had been drawn by angels guiding the hand of the illuminator. The more beautiful the page, the holier it was supposed to be. Consequently, doctors scraped the pages of holy documents, gathered the dust collected, made a stew of it diluted with the brew of herbs and distributed it to plague-stricken areas. Unbelievably, it worked as a cure-all, which





Illuminations from the ancient Book of Kells, which John Carroll Broderick is transcribing and recreating

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present day doctors attribute to the fact that the arsenic in the paint acted as a germ-killer, the faith of the recipient doing the rest.

Curse—Not all the superstitions about the manuscript are dead. When word traveled that an American was recreating the book, Doctor Broderick had many well-wishing visitors who came from all parts of Ireland to warn him of the danger of his undertaking. "Don't you know about the curse?" they asked.

He replied each time that he didn't, and was informed that the ghosts of the original transcribers would permit no one to live long enough to copy their work. So far, no one has lived long enough, but Doctor Broderick's work now stands at the three-quarter-finished mark.

In spite of numerous contacts with England and the Continent—the monks who did the work were often transferred from one monastery to another—Irish illumination is worlds apart from all others, consequently very difficult to date. But the 300-odd pages of thick, aged vellum are looked on as the repository of all that remains of ancient Irish art. Transcribed, all scholars agree, some time during the eighth century, the book indicates that Ireland's cultural background was far ahead of Europe's at the time, and almost as advanced as that of Asia, which led the world in art while Western civilization was developing its background along with Christianity.

Architect—Doctor Broderick's ability to assume the task of recreating an art that has been dead ever since the invention of crude printing he credits to architectural training. His first avid interest in the past was stimulated when working with Dr. A. L. Benedict in 1900, preparing ethnological exhibits for the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo.

They located and excavated the "Bryant Mound" in western New York State, where they discovered human skeletons that dated back more than a thousand years.

Doctor Broderick built many of the buildings at the United States Military Academy at West Point, and in 1926 he constructed the first steel frame house. The patents on this—which have this year been further developed—he sold to the U. S. Steel Co.

It is the royalties from this that he is using to acquaint the world with the Book of Kells.

NEW BOOKS: Boswell's Journal of Hebrides Made 33 Per Cent. Longer; Other Works

Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides With Samuel Johnson, LL.D. Prepared for the Press, with Preface and Notes by Frederick A. Pottle and Charles H. Bennett. (New York: The Viking Press; $5.)

At forty-six Ralph Heywood Isham is a financier, big-game hunter and bibliophile. Like other big-game men he has hunted in South America and the Far East. He served three years in the World War as a British Lieutenant Colonel, and he has gathered pictures, books, furniture—all the accessories of a well-rounded gentleman.

But a more permanent repute is his for collecting and publishing the private papers of James Boswell, world's most famous reporter, and author of the classic "Life of Samuel Johnson."

Collecting the Boswell papers was no easy job like bagging a tiger. For 150 years, Boswell's heirs have stoutly denied from their castle in Auchinleck, Scotland, that their famous forebear left any papers. Besides, if he had, they wouldn't have published them. They didn't think James Boswell was quite respectable.

Scholar's Checkmate—In 1903, Castle Auchinleck burned, and scholars wrung their hands. Were the papers safe? Great-great-grandson Lord Talbot de Malahide refused to say and moved to Ireland. Students followed and beat without result upon the doors of his Irish castle. The indifferent Talbot de Malahides wouldn't deny or affirm the existence of the manuscript.

Then, in 1927, Colonel Isham visited Malahide Castle. His years with the British during the War had taught him much.

He was charming; the Talbots softened to him. Yes, they did have a manuscript. In a short time they were showing it to him.

Restraining his collector's eagerness, Isham congratulated Lady Talbot on her admirable taste in not publishing the papers. They should remain a family treasure.

Her Ladyship rose to the occasion—she wasn't sure she'd acted wisely. Maybe she should have printed them. The debate continued until Isham walked out with the manuscript.

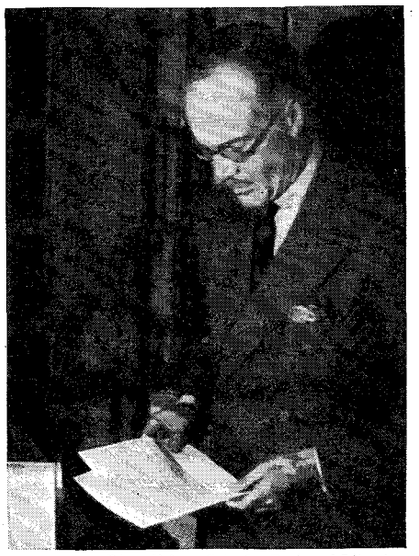
Victorian Censor—But first Lady Talbot wanted to cross out all indiscreet anecdotes of ancestor Boswell. So Isham went to London to await the purified pages. When they arrived, he found to his dismay that her Ladyship's Victorian conscience had played havoc with the papers. In one part a dogmatic assertion of Doctor Johnson's "Sir, 'tis but the naked truth!" appeared with "naked" x-ed out. This was too much for Isham. He phoned the nearest chemist, found out how to remove the deleting ink, and explained as best he could to Lady Talbot.

With apologies made, he set sail for America with hopes that the sea might be smooth to preserve the aged texts. The trip was calm; but one box of manuscript was accidentally jarred. When he opened the box a handful of dust lay where formerly had been a journal. After he landed, the remaining pages were mounted on a superfine gauze by experts. The task of editing began.

Difficulty after difficulty cropped up. Boswell had invented his own shorthand, and written it very illegibly. Furthermore, he filled the pages from top to bottom. Editor Geoffrey Scott worked patiently until, one by one, the volumes appeared on the shelves of the 550 subscribers.

While the work was in progress, Colonel Isham received a letter from Lady Talbot. Some one had suggested a game of croquet to liven a dull afternoon, and a footman was dispatched to round up the equipment. He found mallets and wickets, but no balls. Finally they found a box that should have held balls—but it was full of old papers. Did Colonel Isham want to buy them?

Fresh Troubles—Isham was uncertain. He had paid a large sum for all the Boswell papers the Talbot de Malahides had, and these new ones were rightfully his. Still—



Disraeli from *Saturday Review of Literature*

Colonel Isham hunts big game . . . and Boswell

they hadn't known about them when the agreement was made, so a compromise was reached.

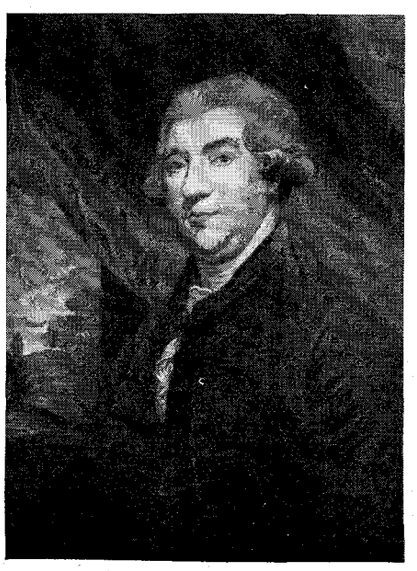
Examination of the new find showed Colonel Isham that he had Boswell's "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides." Much to his surprize, this journal was a full third longer than the printed version of Boswell's day, and contained a much livelier account of Boswell and Johnson in Scotland.

Since the place for the journal had passed in his printed series, Isham agreed to postpone it until the series was finished. Then Viking Press was to bring out the subscriber and general editions at the same time.

November 6 was set as the date of the literary unveiling of a 163-year-old first edition.

As the "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides" appears, its discoverer is again tracking down Boswell papers. Word came from England that the heirs of one of Boswell's literary executors have unearthed a quantity of letters. Does Colonel Isham want to buy them? He is on his way over to see.

The Book Itself—Meanwhile general readers and students peruse the Boswell first—an account of Boswell and Johnson touring the rim of Scotland. It is a spectacle of the young Scottish lawyer and his



Dr. Johnson had a hard time in Scotland

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intellectual chief, Doctor Johnson, getting seasick, riding mules, viewing Scottish churches, and quoting classics without end. Boswell had his troubles. It was difficult to get horses the weighty Doctor Johnson could ride; it was hard to find lemons for the Doctor's lemonade.

Then, as they traveled into the remoter parts, the hospitality they met was rather shabby. But throughout Boswell stuck to his notebook. It was a dull day that didn't offer opportunity to record some conversational gem of Doctor Johnson. The "Journal" sparkles with Boswell's observations on eighteenth century Scotland, whose remoter natives sang songs that were close kin to our Indian war-whoops.

Thumbing the Books

Diplomats—"A Diplomatic History of the United States." By Samuel Flagg Bemis. (Henry Holt; $5.) Important to every college student and newspaper man. Also to any one who believes in America's withdrawal from European affairs. Little of Mr. Bemis' space is spent on previously covered material. A major third of his book deals with our diplomatic course since the turn of the century, with emphasis on the background for the current confusion. Undoubtedly a monumental work of its kind.

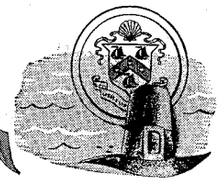
Gear-Shift—"Clutch and Differential." By George Weller. (Random House; $2.50.) Author Weller returns for a second novel in which he uses with some effect the Dos Passos-James Joyce technique. The novel's clutch chapters are those in which momentum is given to certain of the characters. The succeeding differential chapters show other characters coasting on that momentum. Unusual, to say the least.

Tradition Buster—"Adventures in Error." By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. (Robert McBride & Company; $3.) The famous arctic explorer does a fascinating book which breaks up a number of happy fallacies. He finishes for good and all the notion that wolves are ferocious beasts running in large packs. Other standbys of explorers receive no better treatment. Recommended for all of iconoclastic bent.

Conversation Piece—"The Art of Conversation. And How to Apply Its Technique." (Whittlesey House; $2.50.) A book designed to turn an indifferent speaker into a successful conversationalist who can win friends, arguments, jobs. A handbook of practical tips on getting along with people by saying the right thing.

Essays—"Forays and Rebuttals." By Bernard De Voto. (Little, Brown and Company; $3.) A collection of essays on various phases of American literature and life. Mr. De Voto's honest and penetrating comment on the slipshods of our society will be welcomed in book form as they were in the magazines for which they were written.

Dancing—"America Dancing." By John Martin. (Dodge; $3.) The dance critic of the New York *Times,* and by his own statement the only dance critic in the country, has written the complete story of the dance as a form of art in America. Chapters on "How Not to Look at Dancing" and the background of American dancing are particularly valuable. Mr. Martin expresses disapproval of the more radical dancers of our day and their attempt at propaganda in art.



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Current Poetry

DESCRIPTION

EDSON FICHTER

His voice was the litany of rain
In shutters on old houses,
His eyes the blue of far hills
That held his long gaze,
His hair a thin snow blown across
A half-remembered road,
And when he walked a lean wind
Moved among the prairie grasses sinuously.

—*Prairie Schooner.*

COMPREHENSION

MILDRED COUSENS

Down the dim lit corridors
Of labyrinthian mind
Slowly moves the silent thought,
Careful as the blind

Who know with sure decisive hands
The way solution lies,
Though deep amorphous shadow rests
Upon their empty eyes.

—*The American Scholar.*

PRAYER

BY LALIA MITCHELL THORNTON

I have been bitter, and no man praises aloe;
I was the bramble, the thistle, that all would forget;
Let me take pattern now of the rose and the mallow,
Let me be spikenard, and lily and mignonette.
I have been tansy and nettle and teasle and thorn;
Mine was the fault, for, friendless, I budded forth gloom;
Lord, let me profit by hatred, contumely and scorn,
Until I grow beauty, and brightness, and perfume.

—*New York Times.*

ARTIST

BY JOSEPH UPPER

I think October must have loved in vain.
How otherwise can she portray such grief,
Painting with crimson or with yellow stain
A whole life's story on a falling leaf?

—*Wings*

W. Heide

Lyric poet: Sara Henderson Hay

AUTUMN ORCHARD

BY MARION DOYLE

High in the leafless orchard
The silver apples hang.
Apples dipped in moonlight
Have a bitter tang.

A tang that draws a soft red mouth
Into a curious shape,
From which imprisoned rebel words
Make a swift escape—

Words that were far better
Left unsaid, unsung,
When frosted fruit and bitter
Is fresh upon the tongue.

Never meet a lover
On an autumn night
That slithers like a silver fox
In a new moon's light,

Under trees where apples
Cling stubbornly to boughs
And silver-pointed shadows,
Like monstrous cattle, browse.

But if you chance to meet him,
Ignore the moon-washed fruit,
Lest you be bound forever,
Leaf and branch and root.

—*Poetry.*

FRINGED GENTIAN

BY HAROLD PULSIFER

Of all the flowers that I know
From tropic isle to arctic floe
No blossom like the gentian cup
To lift the broken spirit up.
Its dye is of the ageless sea
In all its deepest purity,—
Against the autumn's windy will
It stands as gallant as a hill.
So frail it might be frozen air
Or flake of night sky hovering there,—
So proud its bloom, a queen might call
For gentian in her coronal.
Its sudden blossom seems to gaze
All seeing on my earthly ways.
As though the very eye of God
Had startled from the somber sod.
Its singing silence cries "I know
Mortality of earth and snow:
Yet while I am the spirit lives
And beauty its fulfillment gives!"

—*Yankee.*

MIDSUMMER

BY SARA HENDERSON HAY

A sulky bee fumbles among the roses;
He shoves the petals aside and crawls, complaining,
Into the narrow room and sprawls and dozes.
The garden is sick with summer, weary with straining
After its gasping breath, the fern lies curled
Over the quivering rocks, the stricken grass
Scorches along the paths, and the sky is brass
Blown to a brazen bubble above the world.

Even the locust, whom sultry days embolden
To crack the silence with a skirling tune,
Winds feebly down, his lusty voice is jaded.
The wastrel sun strides on. I am persuaded
Autumn will pay, in scarlet leaf and golden,
The obligation of this afternoon.

—*New York Times.*

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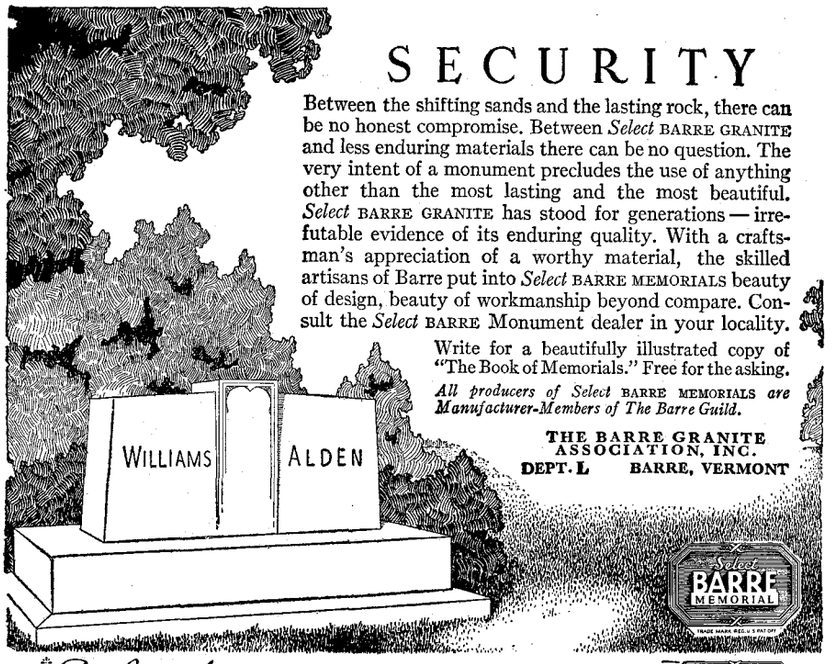

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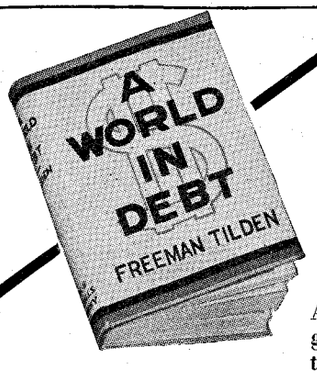

A World in Debt

by FREEMAN TILDEN

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As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

feazed, feezed.—"R. C. E.," Durham, Okla.—The forms *feazed* and *feezed* have been in use, and are still in use, in English as meaning to perturb, disconcert, put into a state of alarm. Both forms are recorded in our standard literature as in use since 1400 down to current times. Worcester defined it as "a fit of fretfulness" in 1846. It occurs in the current Glossary of Kent, England, with the sense, "to fret and worry." There is a distinct difference between *feaze* and *faze* as emphasized in the *Notes from Louisiana* in the "American Dialect Notes" of 1890 in which, "You didn't *faze* him," is explained as, you did not disturb him. *Feeze,* spelled *fease* or *feaze,* has been in Scottish use for a good many years. The spelling has varied in different counties with a sense of disturb, annoy, fret, or worry. It has figured in the Banffshire, Kentish, and Somerset Glossaries. *Feasy* brats are known to Hertfordshire.

love (in scoring).—"G. A. H.," Baltimore, Md.—The source of the score *love* is the phrase "for love." From the 17th century, "for love" has been used in literature as the equivalent of "for nothing," meaning specifically "without stakes." In various competitive games of skill, that is, whist, football, tennis, rackets, the term means "no score, nothing"; meaning that the party said "to be love" has scored no points in the game then in progress. *Love all* means "no score on either side." J. Marshall in his "Annals of Tennis" (1878) defines *love-set* as, "A set in which one player wins six consecutive games; or, in case of an advantage-set, seven consecutive games."

pro and con.—"A. C. H.," Tappan, N. Y.—The contracted and partially translated *pro and con* for the Latin "pro et contra" is much too firmly established to do anything about it at this late date. It has been in the language since the early 15th century; in fact, Lydgate in 1426 wrote: "To argue *pro and contra.*" Caxton used the same expression in 1489. Various writers between the time of Caxton and Congreve abridged *pro and contra* to *pro and con.* Swift, Addison, Byron, Sterne, Keats, Huxley, Reade, and many others, who are exemplars of English literature, all used the expression *pro and con.*

side-swipe, side-wipe.—"C. E.," Passaic, N. J.—These terms, in connection with automobiles and trains, etc., are fairly recent. Apparently the first usage was *side-wipe,* possibly taken from the older word meaning, "a censure," and also, because it more literally explained the nature of such a collision—a wiping along the side. Gradually in railway practise, perhaps from illiteracy or perhaps by borrowing the slang term *swipe,* a hard straight blow, *wipe* became changed to *swipe,* and to-day the common usage in America favors *side-swipe,* tho *side-wipe* may still be used and is preferred in more accurate literature.

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Wings

PACIFIC AIR-BASES: U. S. SECURITY KEY

From Hawaiian "Crossroads," Planes Scout for Fantom Foes

"No farther south than the Equator, no farther west than Midway Island," are the official orders under which the Navy's sea-planes based on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, are searching this fortnight for a mythical foe bent on invading the United States.

Steam and electricity, with transpacific liners, cables and radio, made the Hawaiian Islands the travel-bureau press-agent's "Crossroads of the Pacific." Now, aviation, with giant flying-boats equipped with sleeping-berths, carries globe-trotters across the world's greatest ocean from San Francisco to Hongkong, Canton or Manila.

Military and naval brass-hats, poring over ever-present but seldom-talked-about battle-plans, forecast that aviation has made the erstwhile Sandwich Islands something more than a "crossroads," that they now are the key to mastery of the Pacific.

Now, Pan American Airways *Clipper* planes click regularly above the clouds, drop out of the skies to pause at Honolulu, then speed on their way again to Midway, Wake Island, Guam, Manila and China.

These remote island air-halts are something more than mere refueling bases for the air-mail. On Midway, half-way between America and Asia, technicians have established a fully-equipped air-station. Until the Pacific Cable Company, stretching out 1,304 miles from the Hawaiian "crossroads," placed one of its posts on Midway, this coral island, with ideal climate, was uninhabited except by sea-birds.

Spear-Point—To-day it is the farthest west spear-point of the aerial thunderbolt guarding America. There, this week, forty long-distance naval patrol-planes, with forty-one officers and 120 enlisted men, established a night-flying and advance headquarters base. At French Frigate Shoal, 500 miles northwest of Honolulu, three similar squadrons of the Aircraft Base Force (1,000 officers and 1,000 men, tho not all fliers) could be concentrated with the aircraft-tender *Wright*.

So much for the "no farther west than Midway" in Rear Adm. Ernest J. King's orders to his base-force.

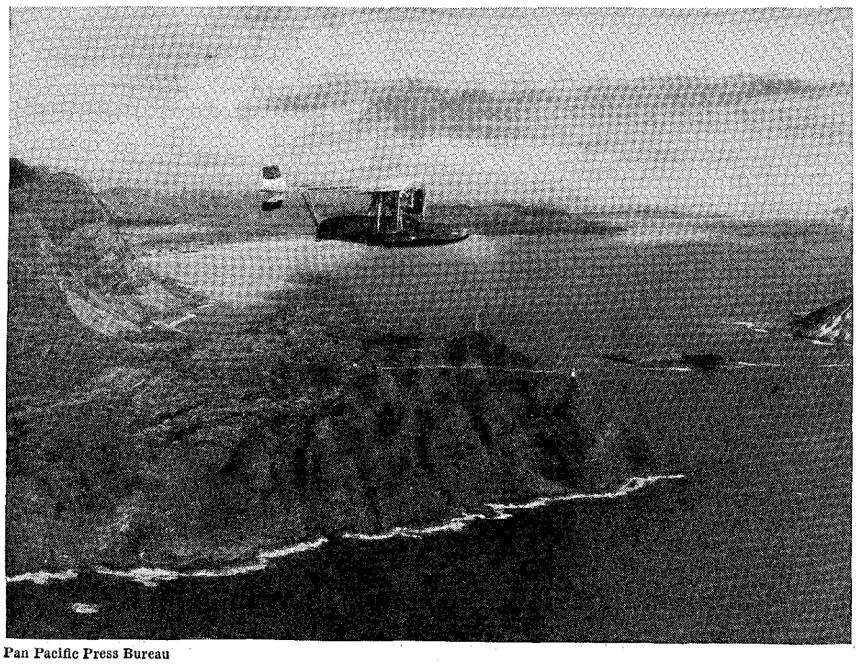
There are other American possessions south of the Hawaiian "crossroads"—Palmyra, Baker, Jarvis and Howland Islands and Kingman's Reef southward along the proposed air-line to antipodean New Zealand and Australia, a 5,000-mile sky-trail yet to be blazed.

Baker, Jarvis and Howland already have landing-areas which could be used in emergencies by land-planes, for the waters surrounding these islets are too rough for sea-planes to make a safe landing. There are no lagoons, the seas beating directly upon the shore and at some seasons landing even by boat is dangerous.

Colonizing—The Coast Guard cutter *Itasca* has colonized these islets with Hawaiian youths, who are busy grading landing-fields with tractors, planting seeds for purple and yellow passion-fruit, sea-grapes, breadfruit, Hawaiian oranges, cashew-nuts and iron-woods, collecting weather-data with scientific instruments and building air-bases.

These islands are the spokes in the wheel of national defense in the Pacific, while Hawaii is the hub. There, Army and Navy cooperate to build a Gibraltar. They are also trebling the air-defense of the Hawaiian "crossroads," an insular group stretching 400 miles in a general northwest to southeast direction. Planes now are concentrated on Oahu, where Honolulu is situated. Kauai, "garden island" with its plantations and cattle-ranches, 150 miles northwest of the Capital, and Hawaii itself, 200 miles in the opposite direction, soon will have their own air-bases, while $18,000,000 is being spent on Horace Hickam Field, gigantic Hawaiian air-port.

Key to Pacific defense, Mark Twain's



Pan Pacific Press Bureau

Hawaii: hub of "Uncle Sam's" wheel of national defense in the Pacific

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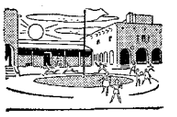

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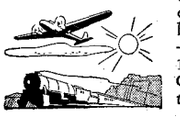

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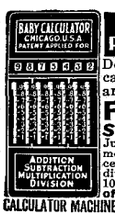

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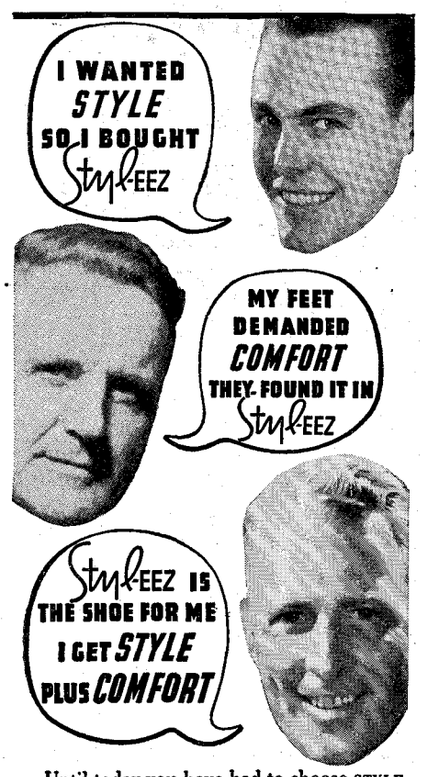
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"loveliest islands" are only 1,200 miles from Alaska, 2,410 miles from San Francisco and 4,000 miles from the Panama Canal. The Army's mighty new four-motored bombers can fly to any of these points except Panama without refueling.

While the Navy patroled the Pacific wastes west of Hawaii last week, Japan notified the League of Nations that she intended to establish regular air-lines linking the South Sea islands under her Geneva mandate with the mother country. Such an air-line would cut directly across Pan American Airways' sky-trail to the Orient from the Hawaiian "crossroads."

AIR SPEEDER: Hawks Expects to Fly 400 Miles an Hour in New Land-Plane

To Lt. Comdr. Frank M. Hawks, U.S.N.R., *Time Flies*, his new stubby-winged racing monoplane, "is the biggest little ship in the world." Before November ends, this shatterer of speed records here and abroad expects to smash the world's land-plane mark by attaining 400 miles an hour.

The pilot's seat of *Time Flies* can be raised or lowered by a hand-operated hydraulic jack and the wind-shield dropped automatically to seal the cockpit and carry out the racer's dashing stream-lines.

On a recent test flight at his Redding, Connecticut, plant, Commander Hawks found the mechanism so mysterious that for a while he couldn't get out. When he did, he turned to Howell ("Pete") Miller, his engineer, and commended:

"It's a swell job, and there's no doubt in my mind that it will do between 350 and 400 miles an hour."

To build speed into the snub nose of his racer, Commander Hawks cozened the War and Navy Departments into permitting him to install a Pratt & Whitney twin-row Wasp motor, developing 1,150 horse-power at sea-level, with automatic mixture control and high altitude supercharging.

Climber—Such power gives *Time Flies* a climbing speed of 7,000 feet a minute, top speed at sea-level of 375 miles an hour and cruising speed at from 13,000 to 15,000 feet of from 330 to 340 miles an hour when only 600 horse-power is used.

If that power-house isn't enough to smash the world speed mark of 352.38 miles an hour set by Howard Hughes, flying motion-picture director, Commander Hawks could install a specially built engine, for *Time Flies* "can handle up to 2,000 horse-power structurally."

The racer is a low-wing cantilever monoplane twenty-two feet long, with a thirty-one-foot wing-span. The fuselage is made of steel tubes covered with plywood, and the wing is entirely wooden. A 230-gallon gasoline-tank forward of the cabin gives a range of 1,700 miles. Just aft of the engine is a twenty-five-gallon oil-tank with a protective fireproof partition shielding the cockpit.

Every gadget necessary to flying blind with instruments is incorporated in *Time Flies's* panel. There is oxygen apparatus for substratosphere flight.

Commander Hawks took his first air ride in Si Christofferson's quaint old contraption called an aeroplane near Long Beach, California, in 1916.

Ruse—He asked Chris for a ride, promising to write a story about it "for his paper." He went, and, on landing, confessed that he didn't work on a paper. Chris hired him as a mechanic.

This same plane, composed largely of abandoned plumbing and baling-wire, also gave Roald Amundsen his first air ride. Si was killed in it soon thereafter.

Hawks is a graduate of the University of California, where he played quarter-back on the football-team.

He weighs 150 pounds, is five feet, six inches tall and packs a stiff wallop. His hair is blond, burned by sun and wind. Moody, he is high to-day and low to-morrow; blows up easily, but snaps out of it quickly.

His nerves are steadier while flying than while driving a car. Once in California, he almost had a collision, threw up both hands from the wheel and yelled at the driver of the offending car.

The first air-plane that he owned was a sister ship to Charles A. Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis*. One of his early jobs was flying oil-field pay-rolls when bandits were making it hot for the railroads.

Generally reading only newspaper headlines, he digests aviation and oil news thoroughly. His only jewelry is a watch. He smokes a pipe while he sits in a dressing-gown, reading. He has his favorite chair, in which no one else is permitted to sit. He likes fried eggs and oysters, but never eats while flying. His favorite drink is rye.

Wide World

"Time Flies" with Commander Hawks

Story-teller—A swell story-teller, nearly all his yarns can be rearranged to fit a guest in the party where he is telling them. He can't remember names, but never forgets a face.

Once he sat in a dentist's chair for six hours without hollering. During times out he fired a cap-pistol, saying it relieved the tension.

On every flight Commander Hawks carries a rabbit's foot given to him by his wife, but he isn't superstitious. How could he be, flying under Department of Commerce license NR-1313?

When he finishes his speed-record attempt, Commander Hawks will commute back to his Connecticut home, "Hawk's Nest." For that short trip he will fly his new Cub plane, *Time Flits*, at the comfortable speed of eighty miles an hour.

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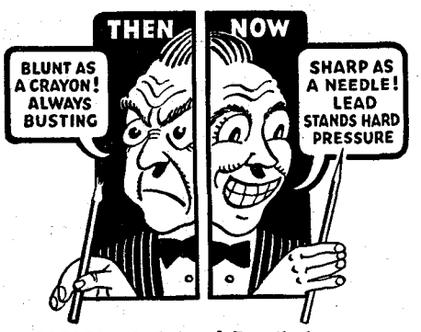

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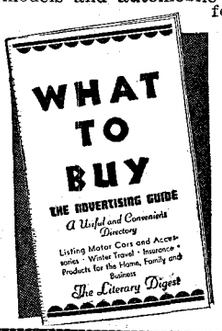
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Off-Side

Weather—Charley Big Knife, Chippewa trapper and some-time weather prophet, predicts that this will be the coldest winter since 1917. Indications last week were as follows: Iowa—snow, after the warmest October in history; Massachusetts—mosquitoes and butterflies reappeared; Oklahoma—the earliest snow in 35 years; Vermont—coats doffed as temperature hit 74 degrees Fahrenheit.

* * *

Fly—During a concert she was singing in Fargo, North Dakota, Margery Maxwell, Chicago opera singer, suddenly stopped, waved frantically at the orchestra conductor, and scuttled off the stage gasping, "I've swallowed a fly." Rid of the intruder, she returned to the stage and picked up where she had left off. At the conclusion of the number, the audience thundered its applause.

* * *

Corn—The Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station harvested red, white and blue corn this year. Dr. W. R. Singleton achieved this "piece of scientific nonsense," as he called it, by dividing the silks on the white stock into three parts and powdering one part with pollen from a red-kerneled plant, pollinating the second with blue and the third with white.

* * *

Teeth—John C. Duckett, of Potato Patch Mountain, Georgia, no longer has any dental worries. After having all his teeth pulled three years ago, he decided there was no future in going toothless. Measuring his mouth, he headed for the hills. Three hours later he was back with a complete set of teeth he had carved out of a sourwood root.

* * *

Pheasants—In a recent study at the University of Iowa, Dr. Logan Bennett, of the United States Biological Survey, discovered that Iowa's ringneck pheasants were laying their eggs in the nests of neighboring ducks. When they hatched, the pheasant chicks followed the ducklings into the water and drowned.

* * *

Date—Lacking a car, Virginia Cook, Wheaton College student, hired a tandem bicycle to meet her "date" at the train in Mansfield, Massachusetts, five miles from the college. Now it's a fad, and men visitors can count on pedaling their lady friends back from the station.

* * *

Poultry—Sheriff R. E. Mercer, of Waverly, Ohio, said that a chicken thief had confessed to using ether to silence chickens before stealing them. And in Bastropp, Texas, poultry farmers have dyed chickens red, blue and green to make it difficult for robbers to dispose of their feathered loot.

* * *

Kiss—"What is the worst sin?" asked Rev. L. A. Crown, of Litchfield, Illinois. Deciding that it was "abuse of high privilege," the Reverend exacted a pledge from the male members of his congregation. They are to kiss their wives twice daily for the next six weeks.

* * *

Minute-Men—Speeding on Cropsey Avenue, in Brooklyn, New York, has got to stop or a group of civic leaders is going to form a vigilante committee to throw brickbats at speedsters.

Fragrant Traditions

In Hawaii colorful leis are woven and offered to arriving and departing visitors . . . leis as fragrant and fresh as the glasses of pure pineapple juice also offered to guests.

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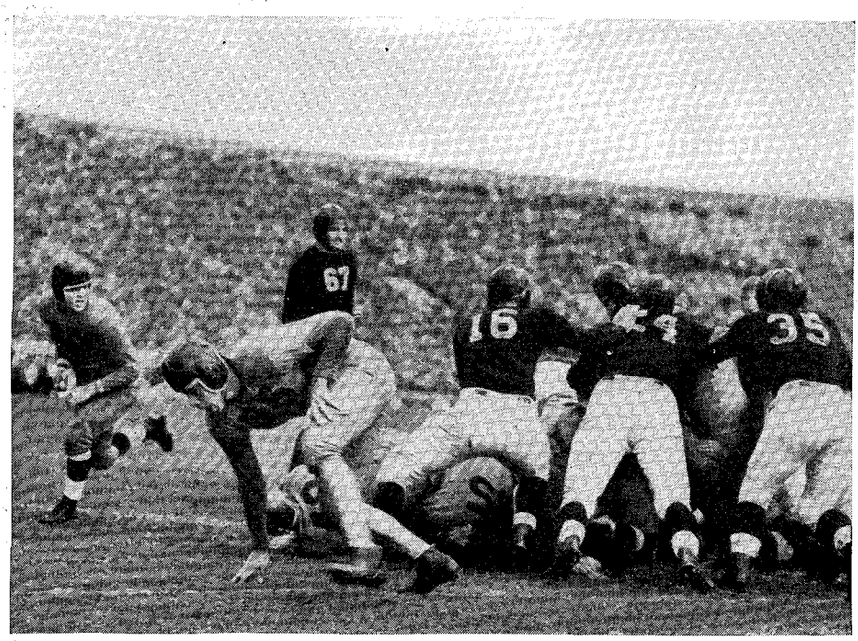

Wide World

Minnesota takes Michigan . . . twentieth straight victory for the Gophers since 1933

Brushing aside the usual head-line brambles of "startling upsets" and "shattered national championship hopes," college football this week trots out for the second half with one notable achievement tucked under a hefty arm, and with schemes for grabbing off more in the closing stages of the 1936 campaign.

Virtually undistinguished from other recent seasons except for increased patronage, disapproval of stadium drinking, and what has been described as a more "cynical" and more sophisticated attitude toward proselyting, the first month of games has soiled the reputations of football experts and tarnished the gleaming escutcheons of such "unbeatables" as Princeton, Pittsburgh, Duke, North Carolina, Ohio State, Notre Dame, Washington, St. Mary's.

By way of compensation, it definitely established the University of Minnesota as one of the greatest producers of powerful football teams since the World War. Smashing a previously undefeated Purdue eleven 33 to 0 a fortnight ago, the celebrated Gophers, coached by equally celebrated Bernie Bierman, stretched their winning streak to twenty-one straight, one better than the marks set by Notre Dame in 1919-'21 and later in 1929-'31.

Hurdles—Mathematically not the best record in big-time competition either before or since the War, Minnesota's accomplishment is notable mainly for having been effected against strong opposition.

Playing in much faster company than did their turtle-neck-sweatered fathers and grandfathers, modern football teams have far more difficulty in maintaining a long streak of victories. Probably none will ever equal the all-time record of forty-eight straight, started in 1885 and ended in 1889 by the shaggy-maned, knock-down-drag-away representatives of Yale.

University of Washington teams coached by "Gloomy Gil" Dobie from 1908 to 1914 smeared their opponents in forty-four consecutive games. But nine of the accredited victories were over high school teams.

Moving east to take over the football situation at Cornell, Dobie turned out teams that won twenty-six in a row, from 1921 until 1924. The record still stands as the tops in big-time college football since the War. Southern California almost equaled it during the 1931, 1932 and 1933 seasons, with twenty-five straight.

Upset—Head-lining the early-season upsets this year was the University of Pittsburgh's stunning defeat, 7 to 0, by Duquesne. A week later Duquesne, swept into a brief moment of fame by taming the previously mighty Panthers, dropped a 2 to 0 game to West Virginia Wesleyan. Pittsburgh, meanwhile, apologized for its unexpected loss to an "outsider" by whitewashing Notre Dame, 26 to 0, and regaining its place as an important football power.

Sports-writers, ever alert to new talent, "discovered" a subject for All-America discussions in a dark-haired, 175-pound Pittsburgh half-back named Marshall Goldberg. Unusually fast, with a natural flair for changing his pace, Goldberg celebrated his eighteenth birthday by gaining vast yardage through the Notre Dame line, scoring one touch-down, and getting his name in sports columns East and West.

One of the youngest college stars, Goldberg was only fifteen when he was graduated from high school in Elkins, West Virginia, where he threw passes with either hand, got off booming punts with his left foot. Jock Sutherland, Pittsburgh coach, got him to handle both accomplishments from the right side, and saw him develop this season, his first on the varsity, into a sensational offensive and defensive back.

Relying partly on sports-writers' ecstatic praise of new and veteran players, and primarily on past performances, Americans continued this season to pour huge "investments" into betting-pools, a somewhat insidious gambling racket which has blossomed into full flower during the past three years.

Turnover—With no way of accurately checking the amounts deposited in the pockets of shrewd pool-operators, estimates put the annual turnover at $75,000,000, representing weekly bets per person of from twenty-five cents to two dollars.

Early each week, runners and leg-men for the various pools distribute printed cards, on which are listed ten or more leading games of the following Saturday. Betters have the dubious privilege of predicting the outcome of any number of games from five up to and including the total listed. On Friday, runners and leg-men collect cards and money from their "clients" and return them to the main office.

Varying with the sporting spirit of the head men running the pool, odds range from 10 to 1 for correctly naming five out of five winners to 65 to 1 for picking nine out of nine successful teams. The house wins on a tie game.

Commercially sound from the pool-operator's standpoint, unless he lists set-up games, the pool is strictly an unsound betting-proposition for the "client." The chances against his picking nine out of nine winners is 512 to 1. The pool pays odds of only 65 to 1 in most cases. And so on down the scale, with the ratio always favoring the house.

Analysis—"Faced by unbeatable odds, why do suckers fall for pools?" asks Fred Majewski in *Sports Illustrated;* and answers his own question.

"Your sports fan is a grand-stand coach at heart," he writes. "He thinks he can beat the racket because his mind has cataloged data on team standings, because he has followed the football wars. . . . The sucker is not bucking the syndicate; he is ramming his head against the most helpless odds in sports."

As noticeably missing from selection-lists as they are free from charges of professionalism, Negro colleges this season continued to forge ahead rapidly in the technique and execution of a game they adopted forty-two years ago.

Without benefit of newspaper ballyhoo or groups of wealthy alumni to "arrange" squads powerful enough to attract national attention, football in Negro schools has developed steadily since 1894, when Howard University and Lincoln in the East, and Tuskegee Institute and Atlanta (Georgia) University in the South, began playing.

Similar to the dominance of Harvard, Yale and Princeton in the early days, Howard and Lincoln were intercollegiate football colossi for more than ten years. Even at those schools, however, squads lacked material, good coaching, or sufficient financial support, and the game struggled along haphazardly until 1920, when college enrolments started rising.

Organization—With more schools entering the football picture, the need for organization became evident. First of the conferences formed was the Colored Intercollegiate Athletic Association, numbering in its ranks such prominent colleges as Howard, Lincoln, Hampton, Shaw, St. Paul, Virginia Union, Morgan, Virginia State and Bluefield.

In contrast with the 750 white schools supporting football teams, more than 115 Negro colleges have taken up the game. Teams are organized into six conferences:

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Colored Intercollegiate A.A., Midwest Conference, and the Southwestern, Southeastern, South Atlantic and Middle Atlantic Associations.

No team had a clear title to the National Championship last year. Kentucky State, Texas College and Morgan, champions of the Colored Intercollegiate A.A., were outstanding. And West Virginia State trampled over Morristown (Tennessee) by a score of 122 to 0, the worst trimming any Negro college team ever took.

Leading the parade this year are Texas, Morgan, Kentucky State, Wiley, Wilberforce, Hampton, West Virginia State, Bishop and Delaware. Biggest upset of the year was Wilberforce University's 6 to 0 victory over Tuskegee two weeks ago.

With sufficient financial backing, most experts concede, Negro colleges could develop teams equal in strength to some of the better white elevens. Probably they will never acquire that backing, and will have to continue watching the best of the Negro players make their reputations at white schools.

Robeson—Most famous of the Negro athletes who gained athletic, as well as scholastic, fame at white colleges is Paul Robeson, celebrated singer. The son of a Princeton, New Jersey, minister, Robeson entered Rutgers University in 1915, at seventeen.

At Rutgers, Robeson was a four-letter varsity athlete, and was graduated Phi Beta Kappa. For three years he played on the football team and was named a member of Walter Camp's All-America.

DACHSHUNDE: The Pedigreed Get Field-Tests, While Mongrels Fight for Scraps

The average American pure-bred dog thrives on a regulated diet, is reasonably cushioned from routine unpleasantnesses of life, rates socially with any other handsome piece of property, and is worth $95.

The average stray mongrel swipes food from garbage-cans, scraps daily for an inglorious existence, takes far more clouts than compliments, and is worth approximately $95 less than his high-brow cousin.

Consequently, public opinion regards half-breed mutts as tougher, more enterprising, and, in a hard-boiled way, more intelligent. They have to be.

Admitting that most of the 107 breeds recognized by the American Kennel Club have lost their original functional usefulness, and with it possibly a certain marauding ingenuity, owners of America's 650,000 pedigreed dogs resent the implication that their expensive pets are beautiful morons. To prove the working qualities of pure-breds, they point to obedience-tests and field-trials, now in full swing.

Tests — Limited, obviously, to certain breeds, America's 150 or more annual field-trials involve elaborate tests of training and intelligence for pointers, setters, retrievers, spaniels, beagles and foxhounds. This fall, carrying on an experiment successfully introduced last year, the lists include field-trials for a breed generally more renowned for its comic-strip characteristics than its usefulness: the *dachshund*.

Because of its slightly ridiculous, sausage-like body, its waddling gallop, and its constant expression of solemn wonder, the *dachshund* has achieved a fairly sizable amount of popularity in this country as a household pet or show dog. Originally, as the name (*dachs*, badger, *hund*, dog) implies, the breed was developed in Germany for hunting.

Ranging in weight from five to thirty-five pounds, and possessing the hound's keen nose and the terrier's dexterity in wiggling down holes in pursuit of badger and other small game, the *dachshund's* limited speed makes it easy for hunters to keep up with it on foot. And its delight in emitting shrill, penetrating yelps make location of cornered game unmistakable.

Trailing—Not a ferocious man-killer by a long shot, the *dachshund* is, nevertheless, used in Germany to hunt wild boar. Running in packs, the *dachshunde* trail boar to a dead end, then hold their quarry at bay until the guns arrive. By that time the boar is usually worn out by futile efforts to gore his yelping annoyers. He can't reach them with his tusks. *Dachshunde* are too low to the ground.

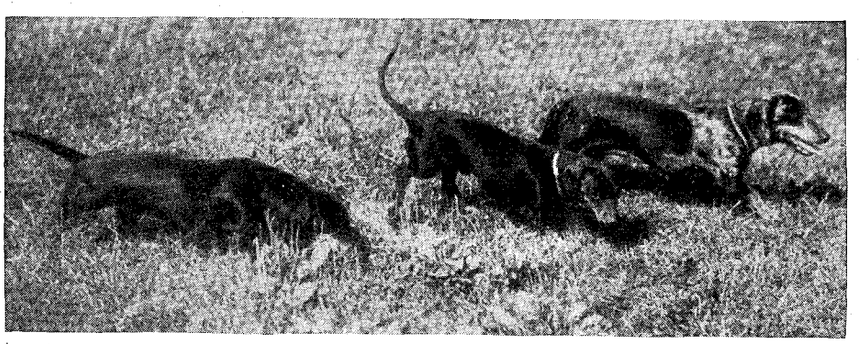
They are also useful in trailing wounded deer, following the animal's natural scent rather than the drops of blood.

Proud of the hunting ability of their miniature zeppelins, German sportsmen long ago evolved intricate trials. One of the most complicated was the Schlieffen test, involving an artificial wooden tunnel and a series of gratings, pens and forks.

A captive badger or fox was deposited in the tunnel. The *dachshund* could see his prey through a grill, but he couldn't attack it. Officials timed his barking. After a determined time had elapsed, the "bait" was allowed to proceed down tunnel to another protective grill, and the same ear-splitting procedure was followed.

Eventually, *dachshund* and quarry were allowed to mix it up for a few fast rounds, concluded abruptly by a bucket of cold water. The badger or fox was taken out, dried off, and thrust back into the tunnel for another dog to play with.

Chawing—Occasionally, dog, quarry, or both, were chewed up or killed. To prevent a valuable dog from being badly scarred, the quarry was sometimes "fixed" so that it couldn't do much damage. Recognizing



Acme

Field-trials for Amsel's Truffles, Gauner von Fleesensee and Amsel von Holzgarten

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the artificiality of the Schlieffen tests, Adolf Hitler in 1933 banned them throughout Germany.

Another test, the *Schweiss-suchen* trial, or "drag," in which *dachshunde* follow a trail of blood-drops in simulation of deer-tracking, has declined, also because of its fake aspects.

Under authority of the government-supervised *Fachschaft Dachshunde im Reichsverband für das Deutsche Hundewesen,* the present official test for the underslung German hounds is the *Jagdgebrauchs,* which uses neither a man-made burrow nor an artificial blood-trail. Dogs are judged for their ability to pick up a trail under natural conditions, follow it, and, if it leads to earth, either bolt the game or mark it for digging out.

Because law forbids sportsmen in this country to track deer with dogs, and because badger and wild boar are virtually non-existent, *dachshund* fanciers who last year introduced field-trials here settled on small surface game such as rabbits. Groundhogs and foxes, they found, are impractical because they live in such narrow burrows that only the smallest *dachshund* could follow them.

U. S. Rules—Under American rules, *dachshunde* are required either to put up a rabbit or, if spectators located one first, to follow the scent after being set on it. If the rabbit plunges into a brambly patch, or scurries down a hole, the *dachshund* is expected to follow.

Leaping through the brush like elongated sea-horses breasting a sea, tails held high, voices shrilling excitedly, the *dachshunde* run in pairs. Handlers are allowed to help them, by instructions, but most *dachshund* men let them go it alone.

On the basis of keen noses, courage, perseverance and obedience, points are awarded according to the number of entries. Twelve dogs, twelve points. Winner takes all. No points are given for second place.

To win a *dachshund* field-trial championship, a dog must score twenty-five points in competition. Usually that means taking first in three stakes. Last September, at Lamington, New Jersey, in the third trial ever held in this country, George McKay Schieffelin's imported smooth black-and-tan "tiger" bitch, Amsel von Holzgarten, completed her twenty-five and became the first American champion.

Champions—Contradicting the notion that show dogs don't make good field-trial performers, most of the *dachshunde* entered in meets this year and last were veterans of the bench, some of them champions. First, second and fourth place winners in the September dog stake, and third in the bitch class, were making their first appearance in a field-trial.

Last year there were two trials. This year, inspired by increasing interest, the Dachshund Club of America scheduled three. Winding up the 1936 season, the *dachshunde* will have their last test at West Chester, Pennsylvania, on November 22.

Still a novelty in this country, hunting with *dachshunde* has gained rapidly during the past year. Not only for rabbits, but pheasants as well. Sportsmen like Mr. Schieffelin who have tried shooting over *dachshunde* are enthusiastic. They say, for one thing, that there's much less chance of winging your dog by mistake.

For all their diminutive displacement, *dachshunde* are expensive. Good dogs run from $75 up. A German breeder offered one exceptional dog to American buyers for $5,000. The dog is still in Germany.

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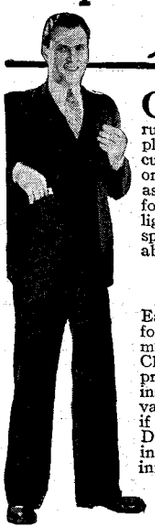

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Parade

Wide World

Claire Luce found Spain too hot

Fun to look back at, but "damned inconvenient" at the time, was the way **Claire Luce**, American dancer, described her recent escape *via* a British destroyer from the Balearic Islands to Marseilles. "Planes were continually bombing us at the Hotel Formentor on the 'other' side of the island of Majorca. The lobby was full of refugees who helped themselves to everything. And one night an insurgent inspector broke into my room and scared the life out of me. Then I decided to get out . . . vacation or no vacation!"

* * *

"I have always insisted that the finer, the greater the music you offer the public, the more that public will appreciate it," declared **Leopold Stokowski**, orchestra conductor. "But it must be offered humanely, not through the intellectual approach. The intellectual approach—that is for mathematics, for chemistry, not for music. Music is emotional."

* * *

Neither politics nor planes can draw **Katherine Stinson Otero**, leading American woman aviator of twenty years ago, back from permanent retirement. Living in New Mexico, the first woman sky-writer has flown only once since the World War. At that time, after being at the controls for a few moments, she handed them back to her brother. "I certainly felt foolish," she now admits. "The ship flew itself."

* * *

"I am too old to attend any more public meetings," snorted octogenarian **George Bernard Shaw**. "I have had enough of them. I am approaching a doddering, senile condition and prefer to stay away."

* * *

"Bannyak hurmah. Bannyak hurmah. (Many houses. Many houses.)" With these words a wild boy of Borneo looks out on the Manhattan sky-line. He is a star member of the new ménage of **Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson**, explorers, recently returned from a year in Northern Borneo. The rest of the cargo included monkeys, a 300-pound orang-utan, twelve Gibbon apes and 151,000 feet of film.

* * *

Baseball fans were astonished to read that **Jerome** ("**Dizzy**") **Dean** might be traded by the St. Louis Cardinals to another Club. Said Branch Rickey, Cardinals' Vice-President: "We felt the Cardinals would be better off with three or four good pitchers instead of only one star. . . . We won four pennants in six years before Dizzy joined us and only one in five years since he has been with the Club."

* * *

"I am enjoying my retirement very much," declared **Dr. George Lyman Kittredge** ("Kitty" to Harvard men), seventy-six-year-old American Shakespearean scholar. "I haven't had any real leisure, and I have enough work laid out to last me until my 100th year."

* * *

Ceremonies attended by **President Roosevelt** and **André de Laboulaye**, French Ambassador, marked the fiftieth anniversary of the dedication of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor on October 28, with a water-parade, pageant and military exercises. One distinguished but little known guest of honor was R. Victor Drambour, Navigator of the French Ship of State, *Isere*, when on June 17, 1885, under steam and sail, she brought the Bartholdi statue into the harbor.

* * *

Hoping to safeguard himself in the future, **Ralph M. Sweet**, Seattle's record parking-tag collector, paid for fifty-three offenses and sent an extra check to the Police Court: "Would it upset the Department to hold the enclosed check for $5 against my future parking cases?" (Signed) "Your Good Friend and Customer." The officer in charge replied: "We don't do business that way."

* * *

Asked by ship reporters if she intended to marry, **Mary Garden**, opera-singer, shook her head: "No, I never met any one interesting enough to capture me—except one, and he's dead now. I used to think I wanted a husband to be a life companion. Now I think it's much better to have many companions."

* * *

After her annual vacation in Bavaria, actress-producer **Katharine Cornell** has decided she will, in the future, spend her money in the U. S. A. "In the past," she explained, "I found the best relaxation in out-of-the-way places abroad. But it seems to me we should not spend our money to help Europe arm for war. The armament talk abroad is shocking."

* * *

"They're going to wear false hair in lots of new designs with paint and lacquer," prophesied **Antoine**, celebrated Parisian hair-dresser, on arriving in this country.

"Oh, rats?" asked a lady reporter.

Not understanding, he replied: "No, my dear. It is the truth. False hair, they will be wearing."

* * *

William Heckler, sixty-five, colorful owner and impresario of the Flea Circus, died in New York. Of Swiss birth, he often told of his amazing career, which took him around the world several times. "I remembered seeing in my childhood a strange old woman travel about our village, displaying a form of flea entertainment. When I was a sailor I decided to give up the seas for the fleas, and opened my first circus at the St. Louis World's Fair. Of the 134 species of fleas only one, the *pulex irritans*, which lives on human blood, possesses enough intelligence for training."

* * *

Returning from her semiannual trip to her Italian estates, the American born **Countess Dorothy di Frasso** was enthusiastic over Mussolini's interest in the cinema. "They've passed a new law making movie stars and movie companies tax free in the country. Think of the money everybody'll save."

* * *

"Twelve mass moods which made possible the phenomena of Fascism and National Socialism have been present in the United States for the last six years," warned **Glenn Frank**, President of the University of Wisconsin. "These include a growing sense that vast potential wealth is going to waste while millions go hungry, and a chilling fear of insecurity among millions who have in the past possessed some measure of security."

* * *

For his achievements in chemical research **Dr. James Bryant Conant**, President of Harvard University, received the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law from Oxford University. In the presentation he was called "a sleuth-hound in pursuit of the atom, a champion of free inquiry and free speech."

* * *

Insisting upon having all facts at hand before he would make any definite predictions, **Prof. Gustave Meyer**, New Jersey star-gazer, hinted that civil war would not break out in the United States until 1942. "As a matter of fact," he added, "my civil war prediction is good only if capital and labor don't appreciate each other's interests and use their heads. If they do, there won't be any war."

* * *

The original "Sing, Baby Sing" girl, **Alice Faye**, had to give up her sprinting, singing and camera work last week as doctors ordered her to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood. Her costar, Shirley Temple, is another victim of the flu.

Alice Faye had to give up sprinting

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HOTEL MEN HAPPY IN TRADE REVIVAL

Room Occupancy Close to 1929 Record, Convention Hears

Bustling bonifaces throughout the nation took a breather from preparations for Election night revelry last week, looked backward on the heart-warming comeback of their five-billion-dollar hotel industry and found reason to look forward to tossing their bookkeepers' red ink bottles into the ash-bin.

In New York City's ample Grand Central Palace, hotel owners, stewards, managers from San Francisco, Chicago, Boston and other cities rubbed shoulders with hospitality purveyors from Biarritz, Lucerne, London and the Riviera, made mental notes of the non-skid bathtubs, counterfeit-bill detectors and steak-tenderizing liquid displayed at the Twenty-first National Hotel Exposition.

Mostly, however, they talked shop, happily compared notes on demand for hotel rooms. Trade statisticians reported that the first nine months of this year had seen room occupancy rise to 94 per cent. of the 1929 level. Rates had not moved upward as rapidly, were only 70 per cent. of their 1929 showing, but hotel men found solace in the records set by their restaurants. Income had jumped smartly, was now 87 per cent. of 1929 food sales and 70 per cent. better than in 1933, when hotel restaurants were serving only half as many meals as they served in 1929.

Whirligig—For the regeneration of their business, managers credit the accelerating whir of the nation's economic machinery. Normal business mobilizes an army of salesmen and executives, sets them traveling in search of sales, creates a sturdy backlog for hostelries. Similarly, climbing earning-power propels Americans out of homes, into trains, planes, cars and hotels.

Normal business also means rousing good conventions. Good conventions (the U. S. has 18,000 a year) mean open-fisted delegates who spend an estimated $214,000,000 yearly. The total annual hotel income tops a billion dollars.

With envy, hotel men from Oregon to Florida last June glued their eyes to trade reports from Cleveland and Philadelphia. At Cleveland, managers noted a 10 per cent. business increase over 1935. Delegates to the Republican National Convention in June pushed it to 40 per cent. above last year.

At Philadelphia, hotels similarly noted a 10 per cent. increase over 1935. Delegates to the Democratic National Convention pushed business 82 per cent. above that of last year.

In Texas, innkeepers put on the cheeriest faces of all. The State's two centennial expositions have catapulted hotel incomes over the 1929 levels. In Detroit, hotel men had no such business boosters as political conventions and centennial expositions, but business spurted 138 per cent. from the low of 1932.

Mortgages—For the hotel industry, the low of 1932 was a depressive low indeed. Approximately 80 per cent. of hotel mortgages were in default. Two body blows—overbuilding and Prohibition—had sent the giant industry (ninth in the U. S.) reeling into the depression, badly winded.

Overbuilding pushed individual hotel-room occupancy down, laid a dead weight on rates. Prohibition drove hotel restaurant patrons to speakeasies, dried up the source of half the hotel industry's income.

Repeal in 1933 rejuvenated hotel restaurants, pushing restaurant income forward 80 per cent. within three years.

Altho *Uncle Sam's* hotels are scattered over forty-eight States, New York, Chicago and San Francisco boast 10 per cent. of room-space.

In New York is found the busiest (in dollar volume) hotel, the Waldorf-Astoria, which is also the tallest (forty-seven stories). In Chicago is the largest hotel, the Stevens, 3,000 rooms. In Rhinebeck, New York, is the oldest hotel, the Beekman. Built in 1700, that venerable hostelry reputedly was host to Washington, Hamilton and Burr.

Acme

Oscar checks the potage at the Waldorf-Astoria, world's greatest hotel income-producer

Veteran hotel men still recall the pitcher and slop-jar era, the bath down the hall, the signs, "Don't blow out the gas." Modern hotels, in contrast, have invented superservice and pamper patrons with a type of attention that only a few extremely wealthy persons could afford at home.

Taken for granted by well-traveled Americans are such conveniences as immediate valet service, circulating ice-water, the guest's own home-town newspaper, brokerage service, transportation and theater ticket facilities.

Service—Newer hotels now will walk the patron's dog, nurse the guest back to normalcy after a "night before." In the Sherman Hotel, Chicago, tactful employees will break in on a celebrating guest, call him away to a telephone, prevent him from spending more than a predetermined quota. But the superservice of which the Sherman Hotel is proudest is that which it rendered the Chevrolet Automobile Convention last year. For the gathering, the hotel wrote a special song, "The Knee Action Glide."

Only 700 of America's 29,000 hotels are grouped in chains. The chains (ninety-four), however, operate some of the country's giant luxury inns, account for 150,000 of the country's total of 1,750,000 hotel rooms.

Most impressive of the chains are the Knott Hotel Corporation and the American Hotels Corporation. The Knott group maintains 30 hostelries (the Pittsburgher, Pittsburgh; the Vanderbilt and the Brevoort, New York City). The American Hotels Corporation operates forty-three (in eight States). As swanky as a top hat and tails is the Ritz-Carlton Hotels group, operator of the Ritz in Paris, the Carlton in London, the Ritz-Carltons in New York and Boston.

To handle personnel (American hotels employ more than half a million workers), to understand intricate hotel-accounting, to learn how to purchase supplies (hotels spend $300,000,000 on food alone), young men may study for hotelkeeping as they would study for the law or medicine. At Cornell University, the future manager can enroll in a Hotel Administration course, participate in classes on quantity food-preparation, menu-planning, food and beverage control.

Cornell's first hotel class attracted twenty-two in 1922; it now has 350. Ninety per cent. of the course's graduates hold hotel and restaurant jobs.

Because they sell hospitality, hotel men are a fraternal group, form more associations than any other industry of comparable size (the American Hotel Association heads a list of some ninety national and sectional groups). Hotel men therefore know one another.

One of the best known is Ralph Hitz, forty-six-year-old President of the National Hotel Management Co., Inc. (the New Yorker, New York City; the Book-Cadillac, Detroit; the Congress, Chicago).

Hitz began as an immigrant bus-boy and has risen to be Managing Supervisor of six hotels.

In his Hotel New Yorker office he works at two desks, one behind and one in front of him, knows exactly how many rooms are occupied in hotels under his care, the number of steaks consumed the day before, the day's quotation on dairy products.

No stranger to hotel men, either, is Gen. J. Leslie Kincaid, President of the American Hotels Corporation, wearer of a United

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States Distinguished Service Cross, member of England's Distinguished Service Order.

To a newspaper columnist General Kincaid recently outlined the hotel of the future. Its closets and bathrooms will open automatically by means of "electric eye" cells; telephones will record calls in the guest's absence; pneumatic tubes will deliver mail, cigars, small articles; electric bulletin boards, responding to a push-button, will flash head-line news.

UPTREND: Business Hits Sharply Accelerated Pace; Earnings and Wages Rise

Newspaper head-lines last week blazed many a sign that American business is surging forward toward new high records. Stories which they epitomized told in detail of broadly quickening trade.

Already a variety of key industries are at production and sales peaks hitherto unreached. The significant trade indexes are nearing predepression levels. A sharply accelerated pace of general business recovery has become widely evident.

Steel—Testifying impressively, the outstanding United States Steel Corporation last week reported the largest quarterly earnings in six years, confidently resumed full $7 annual dividend payments on its preferred stock, ordered a $2 payment on account of accrued dividends. Even more significantly, its management indicated preparation to raise wages, especially for its common labor, which now has a basic rate of 47 cents an hour.

Returned steel trade prosperity was evidenced also by earnings reports of such major producing companies as Youngstown Sheet & Tube, Inland Steel, Jones & Laughlin, American Rolling Mills. For the pivotal automobile industry, General Motors recorded a gain of 53 per cent. in earnings for the first nine months of 1936, as compared with that period of 1935.

Railroads—From railroad accountants came estimates of September net earnings twice as large as those of the same month last year, of $44,000,000 aggregate net profits for nine months against aggregate net losses of $66,000,000 in the same term of 1935. For the remaining three months of 1936, forecasters said, traffic returns will be the best since 1930.

Oil—Still another new high record was established for crude oil production at 3,083,050 barrels daily. In copper, with the metal's domestic price raised to 10 cents a pound, one day's domestic sales totaled 84,500 tons, second highest of the year to date. Brisk buying advanced lead's price $1 to $2 a ton. Bituminous coal operators reported sustained production above 9,000,000 tons weekly and saw reason to expect continuation of that unusually high rate through the winter.

Packers—At Chicago, the four major packing companies announced 7 per cent. wage increases to affect 80,000 employees and involve $8,000,000 annually. It was the third wage advance made by the packers since their business turned upward from its depression low.

An exhaustive trade survey made by the New York *Times* declared that heavy consumer demand has produced actual shortages in many lines, that preparations for exceptional holiday business have swamped many manufacturers, that industrial buyers are confronted with delivery difficulties unmatched since the late 20's.

"Cotton goods, leather, shoes, paper, rayon and several other industries have smashed all records," the *Times* reported, "while chain and mail order houses are producing new sales peaks weekly." Buyers were estimated to have made commitments running up to 15 per cent. more than they had planned for fall and winter.

Cotton—Conspicuously booming was the cotton goods industry. Its activity during the past two months has broken all previous records, its productive capacity for the rest of the year is practically sold out. Estimated cotton consumption is one-fourth greater than last year. Mill operations are setting new postdepression activity marks monthly.

With shoe production foreshadowing a record total near 400,000,000 pairs for the year, the leather industry is showing activity 4 per cent. above that of 1929 and greatest since 1927. Paper-making is topping all former totals, with employment greater than ever before and perhaps $100,000,000 being spent this year for improvements and new plants.

Appliances—Sales of both industrial and domestic electric equipment are running 20 to 30 per cent. above last year's, and producers are requiring four to eight weeks to complete orders. Manufacturers of office machines and equipment are facing the greatest demand since 1929, assured in part by social security legislation and its recording requirements.

Generally expected now is the best Christmas trade in seven years, with holiday sales running 10 to 15 per cent. over those of 1935. The *Times's* survey indicated many shortages of gift merchandise already in sight. Chain store and mail order organizations are anticipating Christmas sales exceeding those of last year, far exceeding those of 1929.

Clothes—Practically all wearing apparel lines, and particularly those involving "luxury" garments, are reporting 10 to 15 per cent. gains, looking forward to greater improvement. Furniture sales are more than 20 per cent. better than last year. A sharp increase in demand for carpets and rugs has caused delivery difficulties.

The demand for rayon (viscose type) has already exceeded production. Grocery distributors report business 15 per cent. better than a year ago. Business failures so far this year total 19 per cent. fewer than in the same 1935 period. Advertising is showing the greatest increase since 1933.

The exhibit is varied and impressive. It gains emphasis from its reflection in Wall Street's currently strong stock market.

FRETFUL WALL ST.: Brokers Consider Longer Working Hours as Earnings Lag in Dull Trading

Wall Street staged no high jinks last week to celebrate the seventh anniversary of its all-time biggest day—October 29, 1929—when New York Stock Exchange dealings totaled 16,410,000 shares. Instead, dapper stock-brokers fretted over current business averaging only 1,500,000 shares a day, moodily debated proposals

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to lengthen their working hours and increase their charges for executing the public's orders, and continued to worry over Washington's program to curtail trading privileges and so further diminish stock market activity.

But many newspaper paragraphs reminded them of the 1929 record and the panic season that produced it. Fifty representative stocks, it was recalled, scored an average loss of nearly $25 a share* on the day of greatest trading, following one of more than $29 the day before. And such losses were only part of the whole price slump that carried the market from a peak average around 312* in mid-September to a bottom below 165 in mid-November.

(The market's real bottom, slightly under 34, was reached in July, 1932. The same average stands now around 140.)

Problems—Such memories, however, have no place in Wall Street's present thinking. Limitation of speculative trading and small profits for brokers are current problems calling urgently for solution, and the Stock Exchange is fretful. Despite bullish sentiment and mounting stock prices, the brokerage business is not yet prosperous, and does not promise to become so for a further time.

An average daily Stock Exchange trading total of 1,500,000 shares (actually 3,000,000, since each share is both bought and sold) means 30,000 transactions in 100-share units.

At least 20 per cent. of the trades will be done, as usual, by members for their own accounts. Therefore no more than 24,000 of them will produce commissions for brokers from non-members.

If the commissions average $20 each (they now average less), their gross will be $480,000 for the day, collected by approximately 700 Stock Exchange members who are commission brokers, somewhat shared by them with others who are not. Averaging below $700 for each commission broker, that income will yield but slight net profit for the Wall Street machine after payments for rents, clerks, leased wires, branch offices, accountants, statistics, taxes, interest on capital.

Expenses—Many of those costs have recently risen. Wall Street rentals are being advanced for the first time in six years. Arbitrary requirements of the Securities and Exchange Commission have lately necessitated additional clerks, more expert accounting. Taxes bear heavily on brokers' intake. Last week a commission house partner figured that if his firm makes $500,000 net one year, loses $500,000 the next, makes $500,000 the third, the net result to him of three years' business will be a loss.

With the trading volume what it is, therefore, Wall Street stock-brokers are not as happy as recent market recovery might seem to warrant. To end the daily Stock Exchange session at 4 instead of 3 P.M., and so make its length six hours instead of five, as now, is being considered as one way to increase business and profits. To advance commission rates is being debated as another. But what Exchange members and all Wall Street daily pray for beyond all else is relaxation of present SEC regulations of margins and trading, surcease of SEC ambition to reduce stock market speculation hereafter to an irreducible minimum.

*New York *Times* average index.

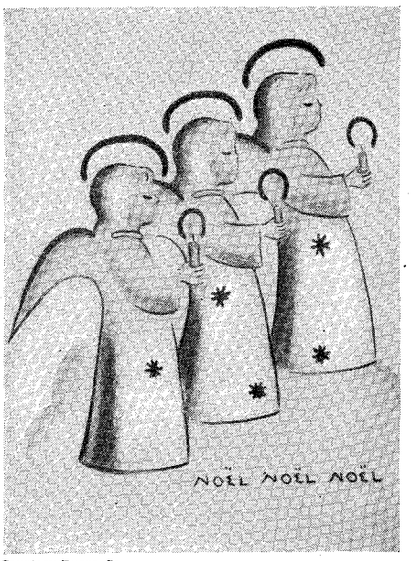
GREETINGS: 1936 Sales of Christmas and New Year's Cards Expected to Break All Records

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

A familiar sentiment, this year as in all years, it will dominate holiday cards. Cards will differ little from those of the last several seasons, but sales will differ much. Sales, in fact, will top the 1930 peak and set an all-time high.

Sales—Last week only a scattered few of the more far-sighted holiday-card senders had begun to lay in their Yuletide sentiments. Nevertheless, manufacturers could predict record sales with the assurance of an umpire calling a third strike. They could even have done so back in April for the simple reason that retailers buy in March, and greeting-card sales to them had exceeded the 1935 demand by 15 per cent.

This, manufacturers will tell you, constituted no mean showing, for last year's sales to retailers had exceeded by 22 per cent. the 1934 demand which, in turn, had bettered 1933 by 42 per cent.



Courtesy Buzza Co.

This year's Christmas cards to be simple and formal, religious theme predominating

All of which means that Americans this Christmas will browse through some 300,000,000 green, blue, red and otherwise hued ready-made holiday sentiments. (People shop endlessly for cards, not for bargains, but for "just the right one.") They will pile on shop counters a mountain of pennies, nickels, quarters $21,000,000 high.

Prices—Cards will cost them from one cent to $1, unless they want something special. In that case, from the jewelers or from smart specialty shops, they can order $4 cards reproduced from famous paintings.

Sentiment such as "The things we prize most are things that are few, such days as Christmas, such friends as you" sell in millions. And a classic, which card senders gobbled up thirty years ago, still buy to the tune of several hundred thousand a year, is the Henry Van Dyke sentiment: "I'm thinking of you to-day because it's Christmas. I shall think of you to-morrow because it's the day after Christmas, and so on through the year."

Since producers have to plan their Yule cards more than a full year ahead of retail sales (production for 1937 is now under way) Christmas cards seldom reflect the current scene. An exception this year is the card with King Edward VIII coronation colors.

Funnies—The industry's fifty-five major manufacturers will say greeting-cards can't trifle with sentiment. But manufacturers often venture boldly into humor.

This year the Gibson Art Co., of Cincinnati, producer of about 40,000,000 Yule cards, has found a good seller in a card which portrays four feet on a rail before a bar. The legend reads: "Step on it, and have a Merry Christmas."

To tickle other recipients is a card which portrays a Scot who says, "It's tight I am and sometimes tighter, but never too tight to buy a wee Christmas card wi' the biggest wishes: Merry Christmas."

The simple, almost formal, card stressing religious sentiment is shown abundantly this year. Definitely on the wane, however, is the once popular custom of "signing" cards with informal snapshots.

Writers—Sentiments spring from creative departments, from the pens of free-lance sentimentalists who are paid by the line or for the quality, from top-notch writers bound by contract.

Hard-pressed publishers of a decade ago could ill afford a regular staff of writers and leaned on free-lance contributions for one-third of their sentiments. Staff artists and composers now rack their brains at regular pay, during regular hours, to produce the tender thoughts the public wants.

The Rust Craft Greeting Card Co., of Boston, which prints about 20,000,000 Yule cards, receives an estimated 3,000 free-lance verses a week, accepts about twenty-five for which it pays 50 cents a line.

From free-lance contributors the Buzza Co., of Minneapolis, creates 10 per cent. of its yearly output. For such unsolicited sentiments Buzza pays $1 to $25.

Most prolific of the professional sentiment producers are J. P. McEvoy, the short story writer, and Edgar Guest. "J. P." once thought nothing of hammering out an annual $10,000 worth (in writer's fees) of holiday sentiments for Buzza, still produces a respectable number.

Edgar Guest, also under exclusive contract to Buzza, produces on order from twenty to forty sentiments yearly.

Every-day—Christmas cards once accounted for most of their producers' annual output. But resourceful manufacturers set out to stretch their seasonal business into an all-year industry. They succeeded so well that Yule cards now total about 35 per cent. of the billion-odd cards sold yearly in the United States.

Every-day cards (birthday, gifts, hope you are better, etc.) account for 50 per cent. of sales. Holidays other than Christmas require the remaining 15 per cent.

Particularly, manufacturers have concentrated on Valentine's Day, Easter, New Year's and Mothers' Day, of which greeting-card men are as proud as florists.

R. B. Hall, of Hall Brothers, Inc., Kansas City, Missouri, even invented a new holiday, Friendship day. He found that it helps build sales.

Brightest idea among greeting-card men was that conceived by a Midwest producer. In his Kiwanis Club he organized a Friendship Committee. When a brother Kiwanian has a birthday, the Friendship Committee peppers him with birthday greetings. And the idea is spreading.

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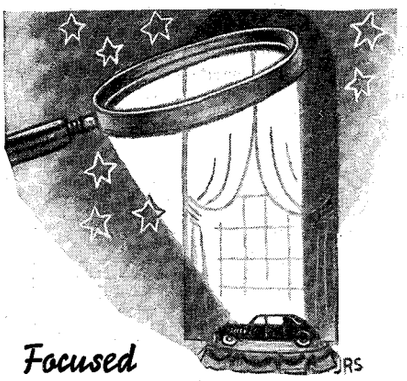

Focused on the New

AUTOMOBILES

Since over 86% of the readers of The Literary Digest own one or more cars, a special effort has been made to bring to Digest readers an advance story of the New York Automobile Show.

For weeks a Digest feature writer has been visiting the great factories where the new cars are being prepared for their début at the Automobile Show.

The result of this visit is a brilliant feature story on the new cars, with pictures of every major new car on the market.

The November 14 issue of The Literary Digest brings to you the first report of the 1937 models of motordom.

In the same issue will, of course, be the usual interesting reporting of the current news. Will war in Spain have ceased? What of King Edward? Will the Orient be seething? Nobody knows. But whatever happens, it will be reported and analyzed in that exciting manner which has made The Literary Digest the most popular of America's news weeklies.

10c

ON SALE AT ALL NEWS-STANDS

The Literary Digest

Mail

(Continued from page 3)

Censored in Cuba

Sir:—I wish to take this opportunity to thank you for the article "Clash in Cuba," which appeared in the October 17 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST. You have shown the true situation in Cuba, where a Government controlled by criminals dares to kill the youth who try to express their political opinions.

Despite the fact that Government officials have forbidden your article to be circulated, I am sure that Cubans in America will see that their friends down there read your accurate summary.

ANTONIO R. BOLIVAR.

New York City.

Man With a Gun

Sir:—In the cut-out on the front cover of the October 17 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, the hunter seems to have bagged his bird, tho shooting with his gun upside down. It is questionable whether or not he would have been as successful had he held the gun in the correct position. TEMPLE R. HOLLCROFT.
Aurora-on-Cayuga, New York.

Sir:—What in blazes is the guy in the canoe trying to do with the paddle?
Florence, Alabama. PAUL TROWBRIDGE.

Sir:—I am wondering if the hunter is a trick-shot artist or just in a hurry.
San Angelo, Texas. H. V. WILLIAMS.

Miss Marian Wiggin, the talented young artist who does the covers for THE LITERARY DIGEST, offers the following explanation for her depiction of the gun in the duck-shooting cover:

With youthful candor, she states that she looked at a gun in a store window and depended upon feminine intuition for her interpretation of the way a gun is used. If the gun happens to be upside down, as some of her finicky critics claim, she sees no great harm in that. So long as the end the bullets come out of is pointing in the right direction—that's the important thing, isn't it? And anyway, aren't the covers supposed to be impressionistic? And do correspondents Hollcroft, Trowbridge and Williams think they could do any better with newsprint, scissors and paste-pot?

The Editor, who was an intrepid squirrel hunter in his 'teens, feels that all sportsmen should sympathize with his belief that there is little point in carrying the matter further with Miss Wiggin.—*Editor.*

Mathew Woll

Sir:—In your article, "Labor Deadlock," October 24 issue, you speak of Mathew Woll as a Hungarian emigrant. Was he not born in Luxemburg?

DOUGLAS ELLSWORTH.

Scarsdale, New York.

Mr. Ellsworth is right, THE LITERARY DIGEST in error.—*Editor.*

Did You Know—

Why cows were milked at dawn Tuesday in New Ashford, Massachusetts? (See page 9.)

That you should sometimes fear a tireless housewife? (See page 22.)

That prosperity paints cars brighter? (See page 18.)

Why Germans use *dachshunde* to hunt wild boars? (See page 37.)

Where farmers dye their chickens red, blue and green? (See page 35.)

How a Kansas girl makes 13 2/3-cent meals for students pay? (See page 25.)

What the Book of Kells is, and why it's coming to America? (See page 28.)

What European nation is building a fort more than two miles above sea level? (See page 14.)

Why Commander Hawks, ace speed flier, once got stuck in his pilot's seat? (See page 34.)

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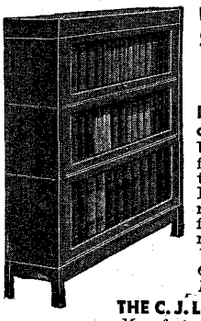

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BETWEEN *the* LINES

LIVE, LEARN and LAUGH

The man who reads as he runs must keep informed and to record the news is one purpose of THE LITERARY DIGEST.

But there are lighter sides to life—and to THE DIGEST.

Movies, for instance. Not just routine reviews of the movies, but peeps behind the scenes—behind the scenes on the sets and in the stars' homes and dressing rooms. For the Editor of THE DIGEST knows the stars, as he knows Broadway and Hollywood.

Last week, the Screen Editor travelled to the glittering cinema capital by plane—to gather a briefcase full of advance stories—stories about the film industry, its plans, its personalities.

Nor are movies alone in making the lighter side of THE DIGEST. The quest for colorful personalities goes far beyond the silver screen to include people who plan to cross the Atlantic in barrels, round-the-world fliers, champion oyster eaters, child prodigies, preachers with bees in their belfries—

The editor of PARADE saw the item about the preacher with bees in his church belfry in a Mid-Western newspaper. Intrigued, he wired the preacher himself. The reply appeared in PARADE—that personality-packed, laugh-loaded weekly feature of THE DIGEST.

And then there are those other literary hors d'oeuvres that relieve the tedium of heavy political fare: SLIPS THAT PASS IN TYPE, SPICE OF LIFE, OFF-SIDE and TOPICS IN BRIEF.

Here the reader literally finds the cream of the nation's humor. For the Slips and Spice and Off-Side and Topics that he reads are not gathered at random. They are painstakingly gleaned from more than 300 newspapers and magazines from every quarter of the globe—culled and boiled down to represent the best of each week's crop. And cartoons—

Whenever the editors see an especially good cartoon, THE DIGEST reprints it—because it tells a story or tickles the risibilities better than words could do the job.

Live, learn and laugh. What better formula for Digest readers? And what better proof that The Literary Digest, in the lighter as well as the more serious side of things is a leader?

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Service.—DINER—"Have you any wild duck?"

WAITER—"No, sir, but we can take a tame one and irritate it for you." — *The Richmond Rambler.*

Strategy. — OFFICER — "Now tell me, what is your idea of strategy?"

BOOT—"It's when you're out of ammunition, but keep right on firing."—*U.S.S. Maryland Catapult.*

Depression.—"Those sausages you sent me were meat at one end and bread at the other."

"Yes, ma'am. In these hard times it's difficult to make both ends meat."—*Grit.*

Explanation.—A poet mailed an effusion entitled "Why Do I Live?" to a literary review.

The editor returned the poem with the following note, "You live because you didn't dare bring it in yourself."—*Y.M.C.A. Brooklyn Central*

Futile.—TEACHER TOURIST—"This seems to be a very dangerous precipice. It's a wonder they don't put up a warning sign."

NATIVE—"Yes, it is dangerous, but they kept a warning sign up for two years and no one fell over, so it was taken down."—*Illinois Guardsman.*

Reminiscence.—PA—"I think I'll go down-stairs and send Nancy's young man home."

MA—"Now, Elmer, remember the way we used to court."

PA—"Gosh, I hadn't thought of that. Out he goes!"—*Merchant Truckman's Bulletin.*

Ambitious.—Goofy Saunders, who can step along the cinder paths in something under the Olympic time, caught a fever on the Asiatic Station. He was told by the corpsman that he had a temperature.

"How high is it?" asked Goofy.

"About a hundred and two."

"What's the world's record?" demanded Goofy.—*Our Navy.*

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Beaudine—movie director—not *dyne,* but *deen: bo'deen.*

Blackmer—movie actor—as if written *black myrrh.*

Disney—artist and producer—called *diz'nee.*

Dumbrille—actor—equal stress: *dum-brill.*

Goulding—director—not *gold,* but *goold: goold'ing.*

Imhof—actor—calls the name *im'-hoof.*

Mundin—actor — *mun* rimes with *fun: mun'din.*

Nagel—actor—Americanized to *nay'-gle.*

Robson—fifty years an actress—as if *robe'son.*

Selznick — producer — as written: *selz'nick.*

Mutual.—It was Timothy's first day at school. He walked up to the teacher's desk and announced: "I ain't got no pencil!"

Shocked at his expression, the teacher exclaimed: "Oh, Timothy, I have no pencil."

A sympathetic look crossed the small boy's face, and he replied: "You ain't, either? Well, we're both in the same fix."—*Montreal Star.*

Superstition.—A sailor was picked as a sure winner over an army man in a wrestling bout. However, the army man won the bout in record time.

"How you come to beat that sailor?" asked a friend.

"Well," replied the victor, "you see, I'm a little superstitious, and as he's a salt I decided to throw him over my left shoulder."—*Our Navy.*

Nonchalant. — With half a hundred people looking on, he stepped up to his ball, took a mighty swing, and missed. Again he addressed the pellet, swung and whiffed. A third time he tried, but to no avail. The crowd became highly embarrassed. But not so our hero. With a nonchalant smile he turned to the assembled multitude and remarked. "Tough course, isn't it?"—*The Tennessee Tar.*

Slips That Pass in Type

25 YEARS AGO TO-DAY

A large rattlesnake, six feet long and five feet in diameter, was killed by A——— B——— at Wild Cat Den.—*Muscatine (Iowa) paper.*

Maybe the years have dimmed his memory.

STOCKHOLM — Prince G——— A——— risked personal injury Sunday when he washed repeatedly in and out of the burning home of a peasant.—*Detroit paper.*

Many a youngster feels that way about it.

Mrs. H——— answered M———'s knock at the back door and when he heard her approaching he fired through the panel. The bullet died an hour later.—*New York paper.*

Woman slays bullet!

MEN'S SUITS
Reduced From
$5.00 to $7.00
—*Shamrock (Tex.) paper.*

Maybe that's this inflation we've been hearing about.

The movie version of "Anthony Adverse" is declared by the author of the fabulous novel, Hervey Allen, to be a masterpiece. The novel he says cost him some of the hardest work of his wife.—*Burlington (Vt.) paper.*

The secret's out.

He said "factories in the Soviet Union are producing twenty times more air-planes, motors, and accessories than France."

He said the factories were equipped principally with English and German machinery and employed about 200,000 working in three shirts.—*St. Louis paper.*

Shirt shrift, eh?

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THE BIGGEST, ROOMIEST PLYMOUTH EVER BUILT—New Sound-proofing of Steel Roof and Floor—Shuts Out Road Noises—New Safety Interior—Entire body Pillowed on Live Rubber—Eliminates Vibration and Rumble—New Airplane-type Shock-Absorbers—New "Hushed Ride"—Tests Show 18 to 24 Miles Per Gallon of Gas.

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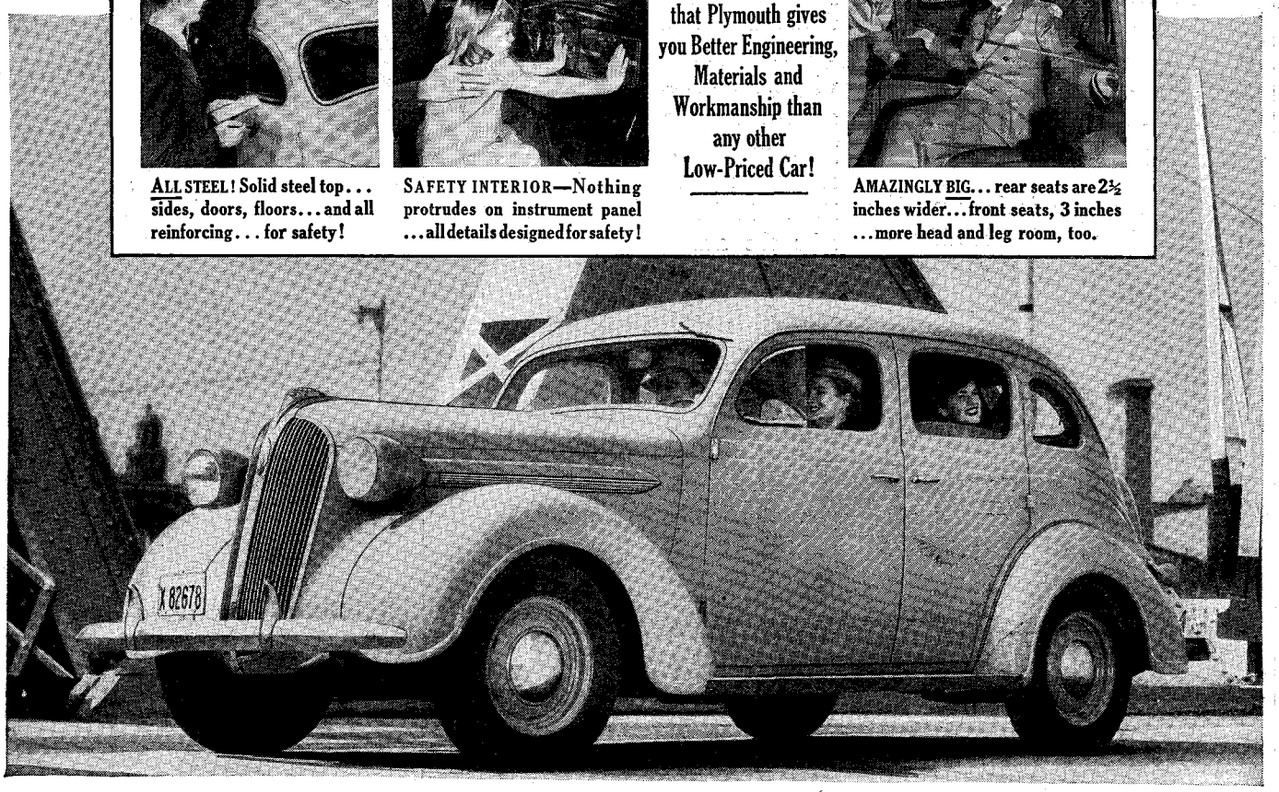

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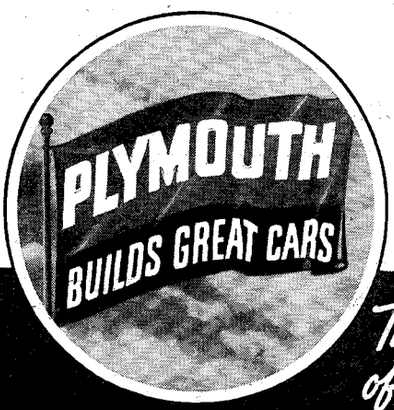

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